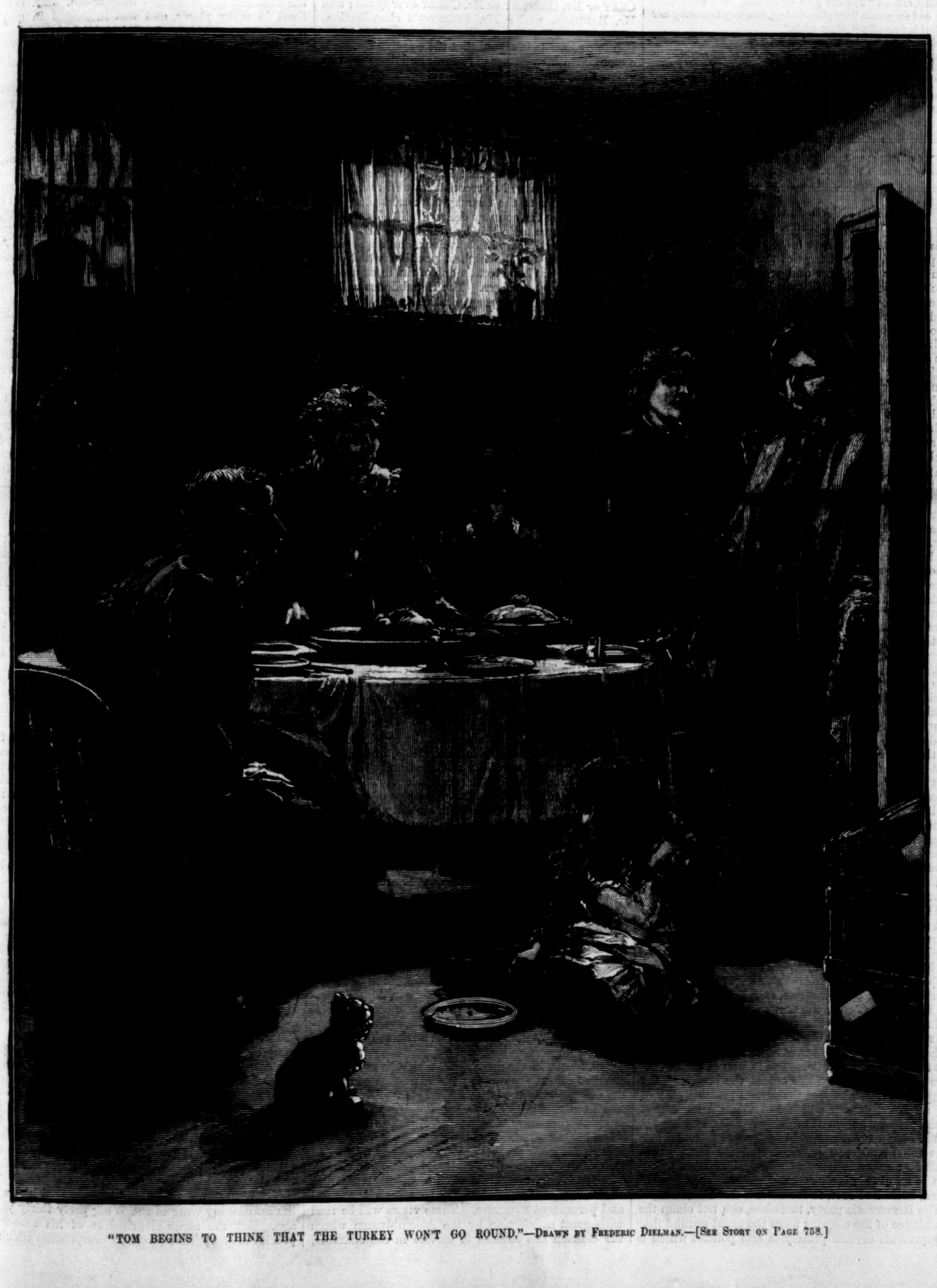
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVI.—No. 1354.
Copyright, 1882, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1882.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



"TOM BEGINS TO THINK THAT THE TURKEY WON'T GO ROUND."—DRAWN BY FREDERIC DIELMAN.—[SEE STORY ON PAGE 758.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, December 2, 1882.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly

Published November 28, contains a most interesting Thanksgiving story, by James Otis, *with a front-page illustration by* Alfred Fredericks; *Chapters IX. and X. of "Nan," by* Mrs. John Lillie, *illustrated by* Mrs. Jessie Shepherd; *and a short story, entitled "Grandpapa's Towzer," illustrated by* W. A. Rogers.

There is a very beautiful full-page illustration, entitled "Moses among the Bulrushes," accompanied by an interesting article from the Rev. William M. Taylor, D.D.; Mr. Charles Barnard *contributes another of his series of articles upon the action of water upon land, entitled "The Sea Eats up the Hill," with two illustrations; and* Sherwood Ryse *gives the boys some very interesting and practical information "About Clubs."*

A charming engraving on wood, called "Feeding the Orphans," decorates the eighth page; there are a number of delightful drawings by Caldecott, *illustrating the nursery rhyme of "The Milkmaid"; and some very amusing "Comics" on the sixteenth page.*

A new story, in two parts, by Louisa M. Alcott, *will be begun in the next number of* Young People.

A specimen copy will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.

☞ *An* Eight-page Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

THE conviction in many quarters that a new party is both desirable and inevitable shows at least how profound is the distrust of the Democratic party as an agency of reform and progress. The Democratic argument that intelligent Republicans ought to see and acknowledge that their party has failed to respond to the requirements of public opinion, and that Democratic patriotic and progressive demands ought to win general confidence, may be turned with equal force against the party of those who use it. The Democratic party is not a new organization which has sprung out of new convictions and purposes, and which may justly claim, as against a party which has failed, that it ought to be accorded an opportunity. On the contrary, the Democratic party has failed and fails at this moment in precisely the manner that the Republican has failed. It elected a House of Representatives eight years ago. What did it reform? What did it accomplish but arouse the apprehension of the country by a threat that it would stop the government if it could not control it? The Democratic party is always in power in the city of New York. What reform, what economy, what progress, is to be reported there? A spasmodic effort of some Democrats to do something to justify a pretense of the desire of honest and decent politics ended at this very election in a total surrender to Tammany Hall. The County Democracy, as the reformers styled themselves, united with Tammany Hall at the very moment that Tammany was denouncing and reviling Mayor Grace and Comptroller Campbell, the two Democrats in high municipal office who had practically proved their desire of reform and of rescuing the city from political sharpers.

This is the Democratic record everywhere. That Democrats are themselves conscious of it appears in the desperate urgency of prominent leaders in warning their party to restrain itself. They insist that it must prove itself to be a reform party. But if it does so, it will do what it has never yet done. It has loudly declared for reform of the civil service. But where has it taken any steps whatever to that result? What Democratic leader or newspaper since the election has urged the strict practical application of reform principles? While, as a part of its tactics, it has demanded reform and professed loyalty to the Pendleton bill, its newspapers and orators have persistently sneered at every movement to put the principles of that bill in practice. They have insisted, for instance, that reform at the New York Custom-house and Post-office was not supported by the real leaders of the Republican party. Certainly it was not supported by the bosses and the machine. But the results accomplished have been nevertheless the work of Republicans and not of Democrats, and Republicans have not hesitated to defeat the party when it was plainly under the control of the enemies of reform. As a last resort, Democratic papers and orators have sneered at the Custom-house and Post-office system as a sham. But this is merely puerile. The results of the experience of three years in those offices, the largest in the country, have established the perfect practicability of the reformed system which has taken a large part of the places wholly out of party politics, and has obtained efficient and admirable employés. And while thus the Democratic party, crying for reform, has scoffed at every actual and practical measure to obtain it, its distinctively "better element" has surrendered, horse and foot, to the anti-reform Democracy.

The Democratic party, therefore, can not claim the confidence of the country upon the usual ground that it represents certain principles and policies which it will carry out. What principles and what policies are, in the usual and accepted party sense, Democratic? Messrs. Bayard and Butler and Randall and Carlisle and McDonald declare for economy. But the River and Harbor Bill was passed equally by Republican and Democratic votes, and Messrs. Butler and Randall were the ringleaders of the salary-grab "steal." Mr. Perry Belmont says that parties may be now classified as Democrats and protectionists. But this classification would make the Republican New York *Times* a Democratic paper; and Mr. Randall, a prominent candidate for the Speakership—for whom Mr. Belmont will vote if his party caucus decrees—says that the expenses of the government can hardly be less than $200,000,000, "and if this sum is levied in a business-like and intelligent manner, it will afford adequate protection to every industrial interest in the United States." Adequate protection is all that Mr. Clay or Mr. Greeley or Mr. Carey ever asked; and Mr. Randall, under Mr. Belmont's classification, ceases to be a Democrat. The precise political situation is plain. It is agreed that the country demands certain definite measures of reform; and there are two great parties, neither of which, having the power, has shown the disposition of reform. On the contrary, they have both failed. But in the late election, in the largest of the States where this situation was most clearly developed, the Republican party defeated its "bosses" in order to secure reform, while the Democratic party surrendered to its bosses in order to secure spoils. The question of 1884 is simply this: Which of the two parties will so reconstruct and reorganize itself as to offer to the country the surest pledge of achieving what the country desires? The Democratic party proposes to do this by yielding to Tammany Hall and its leadership in New York, and apparently by designating for the highest position which has fallen to it at the late election one of the most notorious of the salary-grabbers. The Republicans will do it, as we believe, by a reorganization in the spirit of their course at the late election, and under the leadership, not of the bosses who have betrayed the principles and character and traditions of the party, but of those who are known as their most resolute opponents. If this can not be done, the Republican party will undoubtedly give place to a new organization, which, like the Republican party in the antislavery contest, in the war, and in reconstruction, will be the political agency of the intelligence, the industry, and the conscience of the American people.

THE ASSEMBLY CHAMBER AT ALBANY.

Members of the Legislature of New York who were appalled by the recommendation of the commission appointed to examine the ceiling of the Assembly Chamber may be re-assured by the report of the architects of the Capitol, Messrs. Eidlitz, H. H. Richardson, and Frederick Law Olmsted. The commission proposed that the stone vaulted ceiling should be removed, and a wooden one substituted. But the architects state that the report of the commission shows nothing in the condition of the ceiling or of the chamber which is alarming or unusual, and that even without repairs there is nothing which should prevent the immediate occupation of the chamber. If any danger or risk existed, they would certainly not be escaped by resorting, as has been proposed, to the room of the Court of Appeals, which is directly underneath the Assembly Chamber.

The architects attribute some of the conclusions of the commission to imperfect knowledge of the facts, and they traverse carefully and accurately the statements and reasoning of the commission. The stability of the vaults involves the principles of the arch, and there are three conditions of stability in an arch, all of which are satisfied in the vaults of the chamber. The material used in the ribs and arches would safely bear a load of 600 pounds per square inch, while the actual load imposed is only 270 pounds. The commission agree that the line of pressure is correct, and also that the abutments are competent. A full and technical account of the system of iron-rod anchorage, which plays an important part in holding the structure, is given by the architects, showing that neither from strain nor from expansion or contraction is any danger whatever to be apprehended, while as to peril from possible settling of the site from drainage of moisture, there is no structure in Albany resting upon the same bed of clay which, under such circumstances, would be safe. But the event is so improbable and remote as not to be a fair subject of apprehension.

The breaks in the main vault which have been the cause of alarm are due to the disturbance caused by the settlement of the building. This settlement was small but rapid. Yet there is nothing whatever to produce uneasiness, and no reason why the ceiling should be removed. The broken stone should be replaced, the work properly pointed, the equilibrium of the vaults reviewed, and, if necessary, corrected. With such slight repairs made, the architects say that the ceiling of the chamber will be a perfectly sound and permanent structure. These views will be read with great satisfaction by the Assemblymen whom the election has doomed to service in the chamber, and they are the opinions of experts who are most thoroughly acquainted with the work, and of the highest character and accomplishment in their profession.

THURLOW WEED.

Mr. Weed died at a ripe old age, and in singularly full possession of his mental faculties almost to the end. He was not only the oldest and most striking political figure in New York, but his life was a signal illustration of what is called the typical American career. Born of parents so poor that they could not give him an education, he worked his own way to great political distinction, and died a rich man. Sixty years ago he and the late James Harper were two of the sturdiest printers in the city of New York, and each of them watched the success of the other with the kindliest sympathy and satisfaction. Mr. Weed lived in many places, and was interested in many newspapers, until 1830, when he established the Albany *Evening Journal*. He was first a friend of De Witt Clinton and then a leader of the anti-Masons, and to his genius for political control as much as to any individual force is due the organization of the various elements of opposition to the imperious Jackson party of fifty years ago into the compact and triumphant Whig party of 1840. He belongs to a group of men who are peculiar to this State—the New York politicians whose power culminated in the Albany Regency of Van Buren, Marcy, Croswell, Flagg, Beardsley, Dix, Wright, and their associates, who bettered the instruction and example of Aaron Burr, and made party control a military despotism. Accepting their principles of party discipline, Thurlow Weed beat them at their own game, and overthrew the Albany tyranny. His temperament was admirably adapted to his career. He was cool and quiet, of mellow and genial address, full of tact and resource and self-reliance. His fidelity to his friends was unswerving, and he held fast in turn their love and loyalty. In his political hostilities he heeded the ancient warning to treat a foe as if one day he might become a friend, and the bitterest feuds that we recall in his life, with the exception of that with Croswell, were with those of his own party. He loved power, and he aimed at the success which procured it, and in the management of a party and the conduct of practical politics he had the interest and devotion of a general directing an army. Having the reality of power, he cared little for official distinction, and the names which have been applied to him—Emperor, Warwick, Mayor of the Palace—indicate the popular conviction that he possessed what he desired.

Such unofficial power is attained only by ability great of its kind, and not by chance, nor by position. Mr. Weed's counsel in the Convention and in the Executive Chamber was influential because experience had proved it to be sagacious, and because he commanded the means to make advice effective. His general political views were determined by his natural sympathies and his shrewd observation. An anti-Mason, a Whig, and a Republican, he was the strongest of party men, and followed rigorously party usages and traditions. The general direction of his political activity being determined, he gave himself unreservedly and delightedly to the excitement of the pursuit, the game of politics. He was twenty-four years old when the Council of Appointment in this State was indignantly abolished by a great popular vote. This Council had remorselessly wielded the patronage of the State as the sharpest of party weapons. Bank charters and auctioneers' licenses were granted only to the politically orthodox, and the trick by which Aaron Burr obtained the charter of the Manhattan Bank from a hostile Legislature is one of the amusing traditions of New York politics. This system, which Henry Clay describes as the New York system, was honestly supported by Mr. Weed, and his last public letter, only ten days before his death, was written in defense of it. Party cohesion seemed to him to be impossible without "spoils," and he regarded "boss" as but another name for leader. He confounded the great political ambition of our race which prompts a man by his consciousness of public ability, or training, or experience, to appeal for the votes of his fellow-citizens, with the feeling which leads another man to do the dirty work of politicians in order to claim of them a personal reward of place. Mr. Weed steadily resisted reform of the old system as fatal to party, not seeing that his own system logically involved the destruction of the function of party by preventing an honest appeal to the people. His own use of his position, however, was governed by a high sense of duty to the public welfare as well as to his party, and was very different from the degrading "boss rule" of our own day, which was yet but the inevitable consequence of his system, as the peril of English liberty in the early days of George III. sprang directly from the system of the patriotic, efficient, and personally unselfish Sir Robert Walpole.

Mr. Weed's own mind and heart placed him with the antislavery wing of the Whig party thirty years ago. But the cardinal principle of his school of politics is compromise, not the compromise which is so finely described by Burke, but the compromise of the old slave-driving days of American politics. Consequently he disliked Sumner, and warmly opposed the entry of Mr. Chase into the Lincoln cabinet. He was averse to a pronounced antislavery policy in the war, and by the same mental habit would have Johnsonized the Republican party. Neither his principles nor his training gave him the high courage and the clear insight which a great national crisis demands. The experience of a man to whom politics means management naturally weakens faith in that moral enthusiasm and heroic sacrifice which exceptional occasions develop. Mr. Weed's great day of power was that of the Whigs, and his defeat of the aim of many years in the failure to nominate Mr. Seward at Chicago marked the decline of his ascendency. It was the beginning of a new political epoch, in which, as Mr. Seward had himself said, "I feel the sands of compromise sliding from beneath my feet, and they take fast hold of the rock of the Constitution." But in all contests and changes Mr. Weed's essentially kindly and generous nature was always apparent. He cherished no animosities, and as his lengthening years gradually left him almost the sole survivor of famous conflicts, his gentleness and benignity increased, and his mind turned with ardor to religious consolations. For some years he has been in the habit of talking to the public through the newspapers, but the fierce sting of controversy had been long withdrawn, and his words were read in the same kind spirit that they were written, as interesting reminiscences of men and views that have been left behind.

MR. TUCKERMAN'S HISTORY OF PROSE FICTION.

Mr. Bayard Tuckerman has published with Messrs. Putnam's Sons an excellent history of English prose fiction, from Sir Thomas Malory to George Eliot. It is not a dry didactic manual, but a work which shows its author to be thoroughly and sympathetically acquainted with his delightful subject. He traces simply and skillfully the relation of the fiction of every period to its social condition, and his sketch of the "Morte d'Arthur" and of all the earlier literary epochs in England is exceedingly interesting.

Mr. Tuckerman points out the striking fact that while to Puritanism fiction was a Satanic invention, yet that to Puritanism we owe the finest allegory in the language, that Sunday *Robinson Crusoe*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and that with the fall of Puritanism the distinctive ideality of English fiction disappears. It is very curious and significant in this view that Hawthorne, whose genius is more sensitive to the tragical romance of Puritanism than any other great modern writer of fiction, and who was himself so true a product of the Puritan stock, is especially the idealist among later story-tellers.

Defoe, Addison, Richardson, and Fielding, as Mr. Tuckerman observes, developed the realistic novel. The novel, indeed, as distinguished from the romance, is a picture of actual life and manners, and our author properly regards Addison's *Sir Roger de Coverley* as the first striking sketch in the modern manner. The recent republication of the *Coverley Papers*, with illustrations, like that of twenty-five years ago, will vindicate the justice of Mr. Tuckerman's estimate. They are sketches, indeed, without a plot or a story, but the characters are so clearly conceived, and drawn with such delicate force, that they might easily seem to be the work of the author of *Henry Esmond*. Mr. Tuckerman's volume is a charming study of a most fascinating subject, and we commend it to the great diocese of novel-readers, who will gladly trace the illustrious lineage of the stories of to-day.

A WORD FOR FORT WILLIAM HENRY.

The public advantage of preserving from injury and even extinction a sublime natural object like Niagara has been forcibly urged. The statement of the case should be the argument. The same reasoning applies, within reasonable limits, to the preservation of famous and patriotic historical sites. There are few such sites in the State of New York more interesting than Fort William Henry, at the head of Lake George, and it is with sincere regret that we learn of the possible speedy obliteration of this interesting, romantic, and heroic memorial.

Fort William Henry was built about 1755, after Dieskau's defeat by General Johnson, who loyally gave the lake its name George. The fort was taken and destroyed in 1757 by Montcalm, and in 1759 Fort George was built close by. The whole region is historically interesting—none in the country more so—for it was one of the chief war-paths in great French and English contests for the continent, and in our own Revolutionary struggle. About a hundred years ago James Caldwell bought a large tract of land at the head of the lake, including the two forts. Mr. Caldwell and his descendants have always respected the famous site, and in selling land for the Fort William Henry Hotel, and in leasing the fort proper, carefully guarded the trench dug by Montcalm, the site of the well and the magazine, and every spot of interest. A railroad has now reached the lake, and wishes to buy the fort and its grounds. It is not satisfied with land that would leave the famous place intact, but demands all the old fort area for its purposes, threatening to ask authority from the Commissioners to seize the land and shovel it into the swamp.

The owner, we understand, is a lady who lives abroad, but whose American heart is unchanged, and her wish is that the State of New York should own one of the most famous and interesting spots within its domain. Surely it would be a shame to the State if the field of Saratoga had been left unmarked. But thanks to the liberality of the State and of the United States, the cap-stone of the Saratoga monument has just been laid; and as it was laid, the master-builder stood on the summit of the work—which is paid for and completed without injury to any person during its erection—and unrolled the Stars and Stripes. Can not the same spirit which has thus commemorated the greatest event upon that famous war-path be successfully invoked to preserve another site upon its course of great and permanent interest?

A WISE INDIAN CHIEF.

In a letter which we have seen from a pure-blooded Indian, the chief of the Messissaugas, in Canada, and evidently a very intelligent and well-educated man, there is an interesting suggestion of the relation of the spoils system to our Indian policy. The Messissaugas are a civilized tribe who were originally planted in the territory now called Ontario. After the Revolution, when Brant wished to move into Canada, they surrendered a large tract of land to the government, including the Grand River Valley, in which Brant settled. In 1845, when the Messissaugas wished to leave their reserve near Toronto, the Six Nations restored to them a tract of 6000 acres near Hagersville, Haldimand County, where they are now living.

The tribe is considered the most educated, civilized, and industrious in Canada, although in a note to his *Orderly-Book of Sir John Johnson*, Mr. W. L. Stone quotes the Duke Rochefoucault-Liancourt, who, in 1795, describes the Messissaugas as the most filthy and stupid, knavish and wicked, of all the Canadian Indians. The remarkable improvement the present chief attributes largely to the Indian policy of Canada, and in discussing the subject he says:

> "Under this subject I can not but express (even at the risk of being tedious to you) my views respecting the Indian policy of the United States. Where the Indian agencies are made political perquisites for political favors shown the successful party, and the *certainty* of the office is only four years, it is human nature to suppose that such officers will try and make as much money as possible during the reign of their party, irrespective of the welfare of the wards over whom they are placed. Hence the frauds perpetrated, hence the wars instigated, by these persons, whose whole object is to 'feather their own nest' as soon as possible, and at least within four years."

The Canadian Indian agents serve during good behavior, and whatever the party changes in administration may be, they remain the representatives of the government. Consequently they hold councils, carry out or make treaties, without fear or prejudice, and meet the Indians with a ceremonious formality which inspires reverence and respect for the government which the agents represent. In the writer's opinion such a system "is the only salvation for the Indian tribes" in the United States, and undoubtedly he is correct in thinking that nothing can be worse for them, and for our relations to them, than a system which flouts experience and stability. The argument that the certainty of losing a place at a certain time tends to persuade the holder to make hay while the sun shines is one of the strongest pleas against a fixed limited term. It is only strengthened by the other consideration that he will inevitably devote himself also to propitiating those whose influence he wishes to secure for his retention. Thus the fixed limited term encourages both dishonesty and servility.

THE EXPENSES OF ELECTIONS.

The actual amount of money collected by the Hubbell assessment is not known. But what is known is that the honest expenses of elections are not large, and that the great sums which are extorted from the public offices, like the enormous levies of Tammany Hall upon its candidates, are corruption funds. Two or three months ago we published a statement of the money expended in the election of last year by the independent Republicans in Erie County in their successful campaign. An accurate account was kept of all receipts and expenditures, and at the end of the campaign a statement was promptly published by a perfectly trustworthy committee. The sum was so small that it revealed at once the fraud and corruption which accompany the usual great expenses of elections.

Another and pertinent illustration of the fact that honest election expenses are not large is furnished by the report in Colonel Theodore Lyman's district in Massachusetts. He was nominated by the Civil-service-reform Republicans, supported by the Democrats, and elected. The total cost of his canvass was $112 53, including printing, rent, bills, flags, etc., and he was elected by two thousand majority.

Such a fact is most significant, because the use of money in politics is becoming so general that the public is inclined to believe it to be necessary. It is a man's "bar'l," not his character, ability, and fitness, which recommend him for nomination, and this is merely a sale of public office. Twenty years ago a distinguished Representative from Massachusetts calculated that his election cost him the salary of his first term in Congress. But he was not "a purist." A candidate in this State was supposed to have spent $50,000 or $60,000 to secure a seat. Of course the larger part of such a sum was merely robbery. But the robbers were the men who under the present system control Conventions and make nominations. The facts in Erie County and in Colonel Lyman's district expose all the more plainly the inexcusable outrage of the Hubbell system in all its ramifications.

WIRES AND SUBWAYS.

Some Philadelphians have formed a company to introduce a device intended to convey under-ground the telegraphic and telephonic wires and wires for electric lighting, the disposition of which has become so serious a problem in all large cities. A public exhibition of the device has been given in Philadelphia during the past week, and experiments were made through some nine hundred feet of the various kinds of wires just mentioned. The device consists of a system of conduits, intended to be laid under the centres of the principal streets, containing several thousand insulated wires, and having room also for a passage-way from which the wires are accessible. In the side streets it is proposed to lay the wires under the gutter, with a removable iron curbing, which is to take the place of the gutter-stone.

The demand for some device of this character is unquestionable, and has been heretofore urged in these columns. But the disposal of the wires is only part of the problem, and perhaps neither the most important nor the most difficult part. The wires are certainly a nuisance and a very serious disfigurement, and the system will very soon break down under its own weight. Even if no pressure were put upon them to respect the rights of the public in the public streets, the companies must soon come to something better than the absurd method of stringing wires upon high poles along the highways.

As Commissioner Thompson's report showed, the chief nuisance and obstruction are already caused by excavations. The steam-heating companies which have dug up the streets of lower New York—some of them several times over during the last year—have interfered far more with the rights and the comfort of the people of New York than all the telegraphic and telephonic and electric-lighting companies put together. What is most needful to stop is the constant excavation of the streets for sewers, for gas mains, for water mains, for pneumatic tubes, for steam-heating, and what not. If these excavations are not stopped, they will increase until the public streets will be given over altogether, under-ground and above-ground, to private enterprises or to public undertakings which equally interfere with the free use of the streets as places of transit. This excavation can only be stopped, to make a bull, by being done again, and done once for all. A system of subways which shall hold all the municipal appliances now carried under-ground, and for which every private corporation using the ground under the streets shall be compelled to pay an equitable rent, and in which the wires now carried over the roofs of houses and along the streets shall also be housed, is what is needed, and what we must finally come to. Any contrivance which is intended to deal with a part only of this problem, however ingenious it may be, and however successful for its own purpose, is but a make-shift.

PERSONAL.

The Prince of Wales is a humorist of the practical kind. Recently when out shooting with the Duc d'Aumale, one of the servants was slightly injured by a chance shot, and howled a little. The Prince came up and said, "My friend, I am a doctor." He gave the wounded man a drink from his flask, and slipped a hundred francs into his hand. Since then the domestics inquire, when a shooting party is going out, if the English doctor is to be one of them.

—America is gradually impressing its social customs on the nations of the East. In Washington the wife of the new Chinese Minister, a lady of twenty-five, weighing only ninety-four pounds, with feet not unproportionately small, has lately adopted the dress usual among fashionable ladies in Washington, and it is very becoming to her. She wears a wine-colored, brocaded velvet polonaise over a plain velvet skirt of the same shade. The material is the richest it was possible to procure. With this suit she wears a hat having long plumes on each side, and the brim slightly drooping in front. She has shown great interest in the few places which she has visited, and by her own desire has been to two of the city churches, but only at a time when there was no service, as Chinese custom forbids a lady of rank from appearing at any public assemblage.

—Mr. Bancroft, the historian, well known as an equestrian expert, has recently bought another $1000 Kentucky horse, on which he takes his daily constitutional of ten, or fifteen, and often twenty miles.

—Mrs. Thomas Payne is recorded as being the youngest bride in the United States, not having yet reached her teens, though tending toward them slowly. She is eleven and a half years old, and her husband is a South Carolina parson. He is probably familiar with the hymn commencing: "There is a land of pure delight." Many pious people will remember the rest of the stanza.

—The late E. Peshine Smith, of Rochester, for many years a confidential agent and adviser of the Japanese government, bequeathed $5000 to Bishop Williams, of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Japan, for the purposes of his ministry, suggesting that, if possible, a portion of it should be used for the erection of a chapel in the city of Tokio.

—It is reported that Governor-elect Butler has tendered to Representative-elect Lovering, of Massachusetts, the free use of his home in Washington for the next two years.

—It is believed that Mr. Paul Tulane, of Princeton, New Jersey, will add largely to the munificent donation he has already made for the promotion of education in New Orleans. The Hon. Randall Gibson, who has been in recent communication with Mr. Tulane, will call a meeting of the Board of Administrators of the bequest early in November, at New Orleans, to lay before them the views and suggestions which Mr. Tulane desires to be explained in connection with the purposes he had in adopting the present plan.

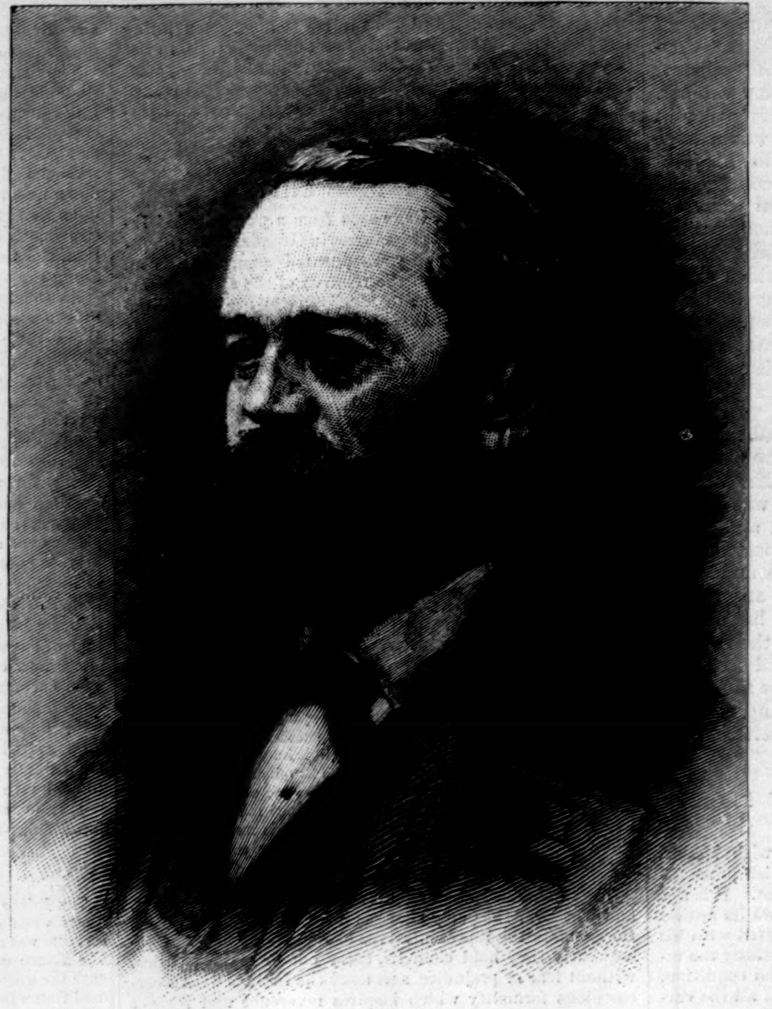
—Mr. W. C. Depauw, of Indiana, proposes to give $300,000 to Asbury University—$100,000 in cash for buildings, and $200,000 in productive endowments—and at his death a bequest of forty-five per cent. of his estate, conditioned that $150,000 shall be raised by others for a popular endowment. A committee is at work to secure that sum. If successful it will make Asbury the wealthiest of the Methodist colleges. The scheme of the University is to embrace a college of the liberal arts, a college of law, a college of medicine, a college of theology, and schools of technology, design, oratory, music, etc.

—The King of Sweden is a helpful sovereign. Some years ago he stopped a run upon a large banking house, made without cause, by making it known that he had deposited his private fortune with the firm; and recently he has insured his life for 600,000 crowns, to re-establish the credit of a tottering life-insurance company.

—Mr. Joseph Longworth, of Cincinnati, who takes great interest in the establishment of an art school in that city, proposes to give the school ground-rents to make up an income of $10,000 a year, provided the school is placed under the care of the trustees of the Art Museum.

—It having been stated by Lord Carnarvon that "three-fourths of the literary power of Great Britain and four-fifths of the intellectual ability" are on the Conservative side, a "literary man" answers that such is not the fact, and mentions the following prominent literary men who are Liberals: Froude, Kinglake, Lecky, Freeman, Herbert Spencer, Trollope, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Oliphant, Leslie Stephen, Trevelyan, Hayward, Jowett, Reeve, Hughes, Rawlinson, Layard, Fergusson, Spottiswoode (P. R. S.), Lubbock, Owen, Tyndall, Huxley, Grove, Henry Smith, Goldwin Smith, Gavan Duffy, Grant Duff, Cartwright, Bain, Tulloch, Torrens, F. Harrison, Harcourt, Brodrick, Lord E. Fitzmaurice, Lowe (Lord Sherbrooke), Lord Dufferin, Lord Houghton, the Duke of Argyll, Gladstone.

PROFESSOR HENRY DRAPER.



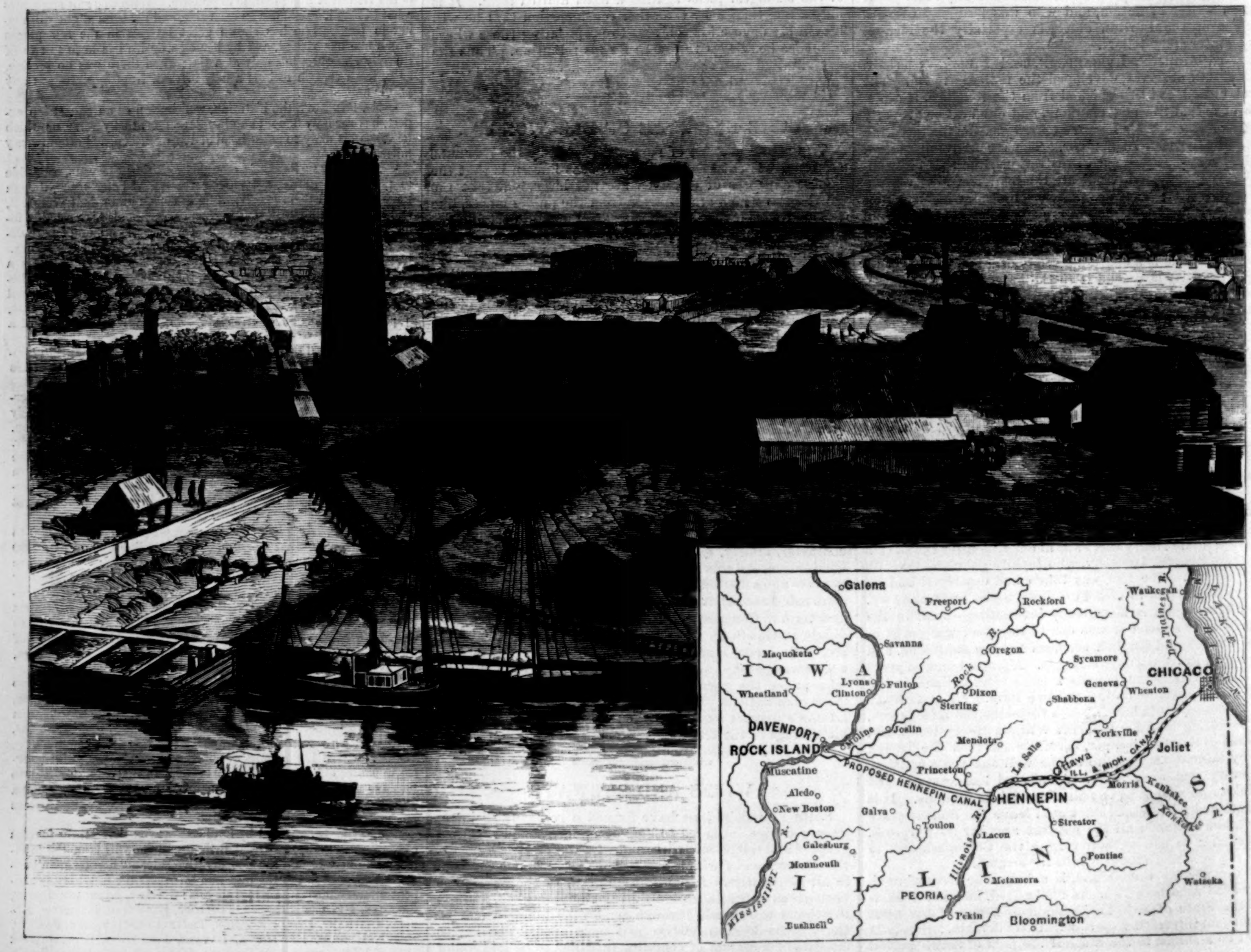
PROFESSOR HENRY DRAPER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOWELL.

THE sudden death of Dr. **HENRY DRAPER**, November 20, in the prime of a vigorous manhood and the meridian of a brilliant career, has been a shock alike to his friends, to the community in which he lived, and to the scientific world. He had accomplished much, but with his ripened experience, his enthusiasm, his genius for investigation, and his large command of the facilities for research, a great deal more was still expected from him. As the names of the **HERSCHELS**, father and son, will ever be connected in the history of modern astronomy, so also will the names of the **DRAPERS**, father and son, be jointly eminent in the advance of that more recent astronomy that has opened new and wonderful fields of study of which even the **HERSCHELS** hardly dreamed. But while it was hoped that the younger **DRAPER**, like the younger **HERSCHEL**, might work on to a good old age, he is laid in his untimely grave the same year with his illustrious father. He died aged forty-five, but so brilliant had been his scientific achievements that, at the age of thirty-seven, Congress struck a gold medal in his honor bearing the inscription, "He adds lustre to ancestral glory," which was the first time that the American government had made any such recognition of a scientific discoverer.

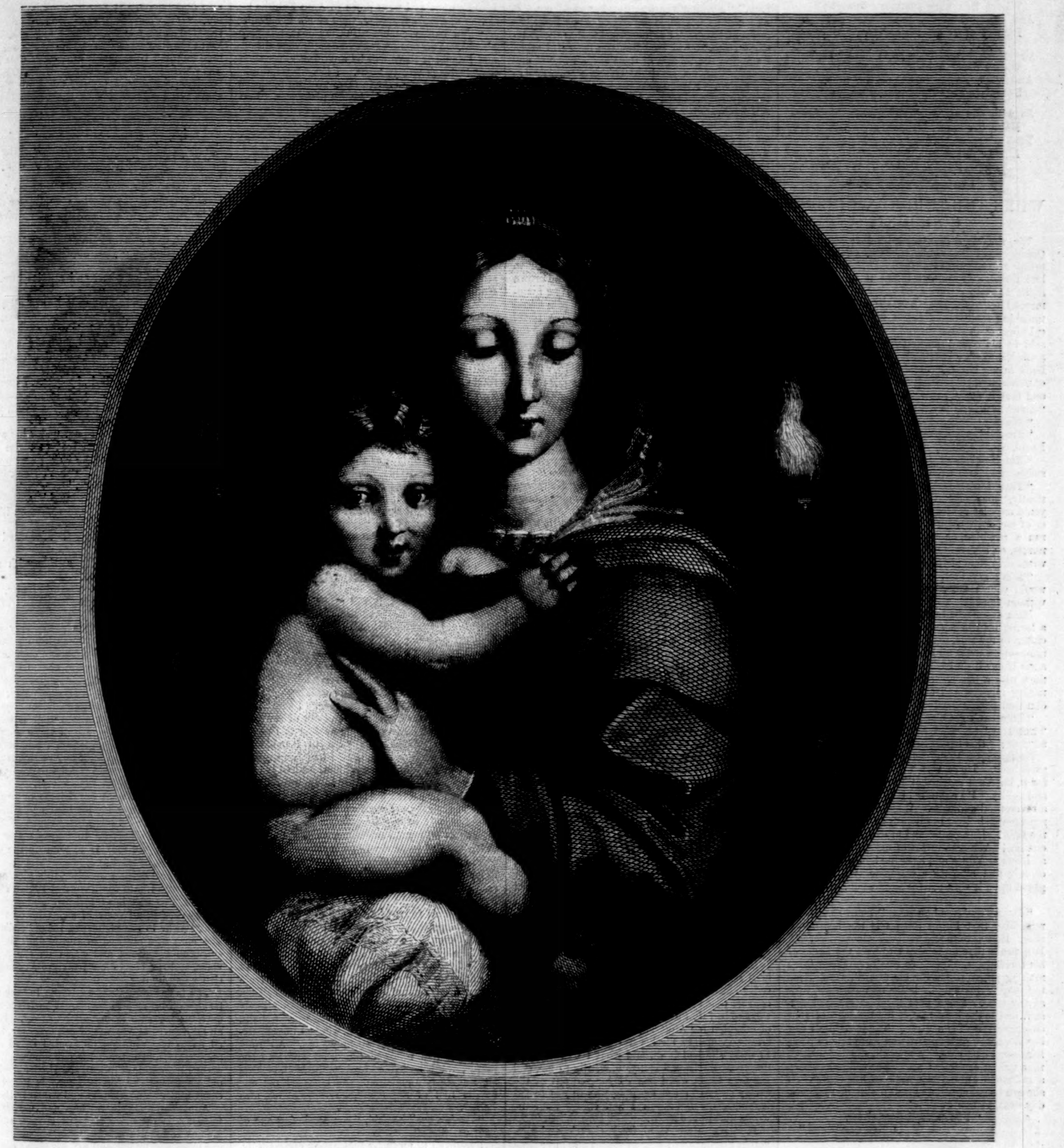
HENRY DRAPER was born in Prince Edward County, Virginia, March 7, 1837, and two years later his father removed to this city to take the chair of Chemistry in the New York University. **HENRY** at first went through the course at the public school, but at the age of fifteen he entered the Academic Department of the University, though he did not graduate here. At the end of his Sophomore year he entered the Medical Department of the University, which his father had been prominent in establishing, and from which he took his medical degree in 1858. He at first thought of practicing medicine, and received an appointment upon the medical staff of Bellevue Hospital, which he held for sixteen months, and then decided to abandon practice, and give himself to teaching. He was elected Professor of Physiology in the Academical Department of the University in 1860, and in 1866 became Professor of the same branch in the University Medical School. He resigned this post in 1873, and afterward taught advanced analytical chemistry in the Academical Department of the institution. After the death of his father he was appointed to fill his chair, but previous to the opening of the last fall term he severed entirely his connection with the institution.

But **HENRY DRAPER**'s fame will not rest upon his professional labors, and we must seek the key to his successful career in that education of his early life which he did not get from the schools. He had for a companion, friend, and teacher, from childhood, one of the most thoroughly cultivated and original scientific men of the present age, who attended carefully to his instruction, and impressed upon him deeply the bent of his own mind in the direction of science. The boy was, in fact, immersed in science from his youngest years, and not merely crammed with its results, but saturated with its true spirit at the most impressible period. He was taught to love science for the interest of its inquiries, and was early put upon the line of original investigation in which he has won his celebrity. **HENRY DRAPER** inherited not only his father's genius, but his problems of research. Dr. **JOHN W. DRAPER** was an experimental investigator of such fertility of resources and such consummate skill that the European savants always deplored his proclivity to literary labors as a great loss to the scientific world. **HENRY DRAPER** inherited from his father in an eminent degree the aptitude for delicate experimenting, and a fine capacity of manipulatory tact. The elder **DRAPER** was one of the founders of the recent science of photo-chemistry. He worked early and brilliantly in the new and fascinating field of the chemistry of light, and more than forty years ago by his extensive contributions to this subject he prepared the way for those who entered to reap the fruits of his labors in the splendid field of spectrum analysis. But the sceptre was not to depart from the family. **HENRY** pursued the same line of research, and by his extension of it will have a permanent place among the discoverers of the period.

HENRY DRAPER's first important scientific investigation was made at the age of twenty, and was embodied in his graduating thesis at the Medical College. It was on the functions of the spleen, which was illustrated by microscopic photography—an art then in its infancy. Soon after receiving his degree he went to Europe, and while there visited the widely known observatory of Lord **ROSSE**, and studied the construction and working of his celebrated colossal reflecting telescope. This led him to consider the problem of using reflecting telescopes for the purpose of photographing celestial objects. On his return home he constructed a telescope of this kind of fifteen and a half inches aperture, and with it took a photograph of the moon fifty inches in diameter—the largest ever made. His success spurred him on to further improvements, so that he became an adept in grinding, polishing, and testing reflecting mirrors. An equatorial telescope was afterward constructed by him, with an aperture of twenty-eight inches, for his observatory at Hastings-on-the-Hudson. The instrument was wholly the work of his own hands, and was designed mainly to photograph the spectra of the stars. After a long series of experiments, it was finished in 1872, and has been pronounced by President **BARNARD** as "probably the most difficult and costly experiment in celestial chemistry ever made." He was the first to obtain a photograph of the fixed lines in the spectra of stars, and he continued the work until he had obtained impressions of the spectra of more than one hundred stars. He was appointed superintendent of the photographic department of the commission created by Congress for the purpose of observing the transit of



PUMPING WORKS, CHICAGO.—FROM A SKETCH BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 759.]



RAPHAEL'S "MADONNA DEI CANDELABRI," NOW IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

Venus in 1874, and his success was so signal that it gained from Congress the gold medal to which we have referred. In 1878 he went to the Rocky Mountains to observe the total eclipse of the sun, and there successfully photographed the spectrum of the solar corona. For the last two or three years he has been much engaged in the difficult work of photographing nebulæ, and he startled the scientific world by the announcement that he had succeeded in getting a fine photograph of the great nebula in Orion and of its spectrum.

In 1867 he married the daughter of Courtlandt Palmer, Esq., a lady of large fortune, but who entered with a kindred enthusiasm into all his studies, and rendered the most faithful and efficient service, which he ever acknowledged with the deepest expressions of gratitude. At the death of his father-in-law he became a trustee of the estate, and was henceforth much absorbed in business. But his passion for science was too strong to be diverted by new solicitations, and instead of descending to a rivalry with the brainless millionaires who squander their wealth upon horses, yachts, and in foolish dissipation, he applied his princely means to the noble work of scientific research, and attacked those problems which can only be resolved by costly expedients.

Henry Draper was thus enabled to accomplish his most brilliant task, the discovery of oxygen in the sun. This was his most important discovery, and was the result of great sagacity, experimental skill, and an immense amount of labor. It was too unexpected and surprising to command the ready assent of eminent physicists, while its experimental evidences were on such an expensive scale that his processes could not be easily repeated. But the opinion has gained strength that the discovery is valid, and by reference to the recent work of Professor Young on *The Sun*, and to the *Popular Astronomy* of Professor Newcomb, it will be seen that the weight of authoritative opinion is in favor of its reality.

We can not here give the details of Henry Draper's numerous scientific labors. He was not a copious author like his father, but he published many papers in the scientific periodicals descriptive of his experimental work. He was a man of very agreeable manners, a fluent lecturer, and a lively talker, but capable of great mental concentration and persistence in the carrying out of his plans. His death will be lamented by his friends as a personal bereavement.

E. L. Youmans.

"THE MADONNA DEI CANDELABRI."

The advent to America of a painting by Raphael is certainly a notable occurrence in the history of art. The Metropolitan Museum of Art has been but a little more than ten years in existence, and is making annually great strides toward a magnificent future. No event in its history is more important than its acquisition as a six months' loan of the "Madonna dei Candelabri." It is hardly to be believed that the picture will ever be allowed to leave the Museum. The trustees and members, whose wealth, public spirit, and love of art have given to the people such opportunities as the Museum already affords for education, will undoubtedly seek to acquire as a permanent possession this great work of the prince of Italian painters.

The painting is on a circular panel twenty-six inches in diameter. It is of about the same size with the renowned "Madonna della Sedia," and there is a tradition that it was painted on the other head of the barrel from which, the story goes, Raphael took one head on which to paint the Sedia picture. Perhaps one tradition is quite as true as the other. The picture is loaned to the Museum by Mr. Munro Butler-Johnstone, of England, to whom it descended by inheritance from the Munro Gallery, in which it was placed by Mr. Munro of Novar, who purchased it from the gallery of the Duke of Lucca in 1840. It came in the last century from the Borghese Gallery in Rome, and has been repeatedly engraved. All the eminent modern writers on the art of the *cinque-cento* and later periods have described it. Critics have from time to time analyzed it, and with the arrogant complacency of the critic species have assigned this and that part of the accessories to this and that pupil of Raphael, but few have failed to see the pure work of the greatest of artists in the mother and her Divine Boy.

Our illustration can at the best but give an idea of the composition. The face of the Mother is in some respects the most beautiful of Raphael's Madonnas. The wonderful loveliness of this face can not be described. The Child is of browner flesh than the Mother, with sparkling joy and freshness in his eyes, and the freedom of childhood in a head of glorious hair, tangled but tossing every way. Such flesh and blood as this, both of the Mother and the Son, with such effulgence of divinity, no hand but Raphael's ever created on panel or canvas.

That there was much of symbolism in the designs of Raphael is well known. In this picture there is a manifest difference between the Virgin and her Son, which immediately strikes the eye. Did the painter intend, as a writer has suggested, to represent their relation to one another as only mystical—she human, he Divine? Around the head of the Boy, almost concealed by the flying hair, is a fillet. Was this one of the suggestions of pagan symbolism, which Raphael did not refuse to use, and is the fillet the symbol of the God? There are numerous points in the picture like these, which will afford ample opportunity for the study and imagination of lovers of art. At present all will be content to enjoy the presence of a Raphael in America, almost four hundred years after its discovery by Christopher Columbus, the contemporary of Raphael Sanzio.

A THANKSGIVING SONG.

Behold, the leaves are sear and dead
Where late were summer's flowers;
And storms and clouds are overhead
Instead of summer showers.

Come close, good comrades; hearts so warm
Would cheer a bleak November;
And while we praise our winter fires,
Sweet summer we'll remember.

So with one voice of eager song
Make our sincere Thanksgiving,
That while we've memory or hope
Life is full worth the living.

Mrs. T. W. Dewing.

WHEN THE TURKEY WOULDN'T GO ROUND.

We, the Ward family, sat in close council one October day in F—— Street. Our affairs were in rather a desperate condition. Papa's employers had failed, and he had found it impossible to make another engagement suitable to his commercial talents. Time had slipped by with astonishing rapidity. Mamma made some practical allusion to the "winged moments," and papa said in his cheerful way that it was "love that made the world go round." But having the store book in my hand, I found that a large quantity of substantial groceries had also been borne along, and that it really required something more than "love" to make the world go round.

"We must trust to Providence," said poor papa.

"Providence helps those who help themselves," I said.

"But He gives us, so to speak, a sort of boost sometimes," said papa.

"Then I wish He'd do it now," I said, impatiently, "for we certainly need it badly enough. If you'd only let me learn a trade, or made a teacher of me, or brought me up to deliver lectures, or run a machine, or make paper boxes, or write novels, or *something* or other! But I'm only a wretched drone in the hive."

"Don't say that, Kate," said papa. "What would your mother and I and the children do without you?"

Papa approached me affectionately, Tom made a loving leap in my direction, sister Jenny crept closer to my side, mamma stole her hand within mine—we should all have fallen into each other's arms if our little Irish maid had not entered just then with a letter. It was a square uncompromising missive, and savored so dreadfully of a dun that papa's head sank dejectedly.

"They can't get blood out of a stone," he said. "But stay," he cried, as his eyes fell upon the address; "this handwriting is sister Tab's."

He tore open the envelope, and out fluttered a greenback. There was an immediate scramble for it, but Tom reached it first, owing to his size and agility. He exhibited it triumphantly before a reverential audience. What a large amount it represented! How beautifully erect and solid was the unit! How round and graceful were the two ciphers! What miracles of art were the curves and dots and lines and lettering! How crisp and cleanly and altogether exquisite it was! We gazed upon it with tearful admiration.

"Dear Tom" (read papa),—"You will perhaps remember that Philip Barnes is the last of his race. He was born and has been educated abroad. It appears that he is about to visit the home of his forefathers. There's a small army over there making preparations for his arrival, which from the tone of his agent's letter may be looked for at any time. I'm a poor hand at civilities myself, and make bold to ask for the loan of your daughter Kate for a while. The last time I saw her she had a glib tongue, and bade fair to be as handsome as a rose. Above all, she had none of that puling sentiment about her which has been a millstone around the neck of her father. If she can be got ready, and sent out to me by Thursday next, you will oblige

"Your affectionate sister,

"Tabitha Ward."

"Your sister has never forgiven you, Tom," said mamma, "for not marrying Angelica Barnes. It was too bad, for it broke up her match with the brother."

"It doesn't become you to find fault with my choice," said papa.

"You are forgetting Aunt Tabitha's letter," I said, gravely.

"I suppose we'll have to send back the money," sighed mamma.

"I'm afraid so," lugubriously echoed papa.

"Letters often get lost in the post," wickedly suggested Tom.

"Suppose we keep the money, and let me go?" I said.

"After all," said papa, brightening up, "she can't eat you, Kate; and who knows what may come of it?"

I felt that the eyes of my whole family were upon me, and blushed furiously.

"Yes," said papa, "there's no doubt about it; she *is* as handsome as a rose. I don't know about the sentiment."

"I haven't a bit of it, papa—not a particle."

"Well, that's a pity, Kate; it smooths away some of the rough angles. Your mother and I would have found it hard to do without it."

"It won't coax our creditors, papa"—which the beautiful greenback, judiciously distributed, really did. Tom and I went out with it, and oiled the rusty wheel of credit, and set it jogging on again for a while. "And it isn't love that makes the world go round," I cynically said to Tom, as we left orders for a supper, and journeyed home again.

The following Thursday was a cold, cheerless, disagreeable day, but papa said it wouldn't do to put off Aunt Tabitha. He went with me as far as he dared, in spite of the double fares, and bolstered me up with little aphorisms like "Pluck is luck," "Nothing venture, nothing win," etc. It was quite dark when I reached Aunt Tabitha's home at Fairfield, and notwithstanding the luxurious room, the blazing fire, the beautiful table, I stood in the middle of the floor, all stupid and forlorn, with an awkward choking sensation in my throat. I had never been away from home for any length of time, and heartily wished myself back among the dear old higgledy-piggledy surroundings in F—— Street. Aunt Tabitha stared at me over her spectacles in such a critical way, and was so grim and gaunt and severe; but remembering the dear ones at home, and all that depended upon me, I took heart of grace, and to the evident surprise of Aunt Tabitha, I plunged forward and imprinted a kiss upon her bony cheek. She started back, declaring we'd get to supper immediately.

As I looked upon the dainties there I begrudged them, one and all, for the dear people at that moment sitting down to plain bread and butter in F—— Street. How papa would relish the brown chicken after his cold journey back! How mamma would enjoy the preserves! How Tom would gobble up the cake, and sister Jen the fruit! How they would all appreciate the novelty of the fine damask, the delicate china, the shining silverware! As for me, every morsel choked me, as the hard-featured old lady still scanned my toilet.

"You dress very prettily, child," she said; "but there are too many furbelows and gewgaws. When the material is cheap, it is better the effect should be unpretending and plain. Men are very sharp about these things. I meant for you to get something to wear with the money I sent."

"We thought that was a present for papa," I said. "He needed it very badly just then."

"Hum—yes," said Aunt Tabitha, "I suppose he did—and always will. But I never give money in that way; it's like pouring water into a sieve. Your father has made his bed, and must lie upon it—"

"He finds it very comfortable," I interrupted, sharply, and made up my mind I'd go back home in the morning, and we'd all concoct a letter from F—— Street telling Aunt Tabitha what we thought of her.

"You haven't lost your tongue," said Aunt Tabitha, nodding benignantly. "You are all that you promised to be when I last saw you. Sometimes girls of that age take an awkward turn for the worse. But you have turned out very well—very well indeed. You remind me of myself at your age."

"Of you!" I cried, with an expression of dismay.

"Don't be so terror-stricken, my dear," said Aunt Tabitha. "There's an old miniature in the parlor that was greatly admired at one time, and I think it will remind you of your looking-glass."

Sure enough, it did. She laughed when she saw how deeply I was impressed with the resemblance. "It will teach you," she said, "to pluck your roses while you may. And to console you for bringing back my youth, we'll go up in the garret to-morrow and look over an old cedar chest. The fashions have gone back a whole decade, and we may find something there that will do for you to wear to-morrow night. I have invited some people to meet Mr. Barnes and his agent, Mortimer, and I do not mind saying that I'd be glad to have you look your best."

I understood the full meaning of every word that she said. There was one thing about Aunt Tabitha—a fearless honesty—that one could not help respecting. Even before I looked over the cedar chest I resolved not to go home and help concoct that letter from F—— Street. Before I went to bed that night I even began to feel a sort of affection for Aunt Tabitha, born perhaps of a strong sympathy for her retrospective allusions to what she had been, and what I was likely to become. She was a constant homily to me, and the first thing I did when I jumped out of the snowy sheets in the morning was to run to the looking-glass and see if I had changed for the worse during the night.

It was a bright, vivid, fresh, electric, and altogether satisfactory face that smiled into mine from the mirror, and I went down to breakfast with an undaunted heart. Aunt Tabitha nodded cheerfully to me from over the shining coffee-urn. My rapacious vanity began already to pick out points in her face that were yet exceedingly interesting. And when breakfast was over, and we went up into the garret and looked over the contents of the cedar chest, a lively admiration inspired me for the creature for whom all these exquisite fabrics had been fashioned.

Oh, the gorgeous brocades, the Oriental wraps, the shining satins, the costly lace, the embroidered lingeries, the high-heeled slippers, the fantastic bows and buckles, girdles and ruffs, dozens and dozens of them all! I knew at once it had been the luckless bridal outfit for poor Aunt Tabitha, and that she was generous enough to wish to make it mine. It was dreadful to profit by so miserable a frustration of lost youth and happiness, but all my scruples were drowned in delight that these beautiful creations had come scathless from the wreck of time and misfortune.

The whole day I lingered over them, Aunt Tabitha at last leaving me to choose for myself. A want of discrimination had always been a fault of mine, and how could I or anybody make a modest decision when there were so many picturesque and dazzling temptations to lead one's judgment astray? I began to dress long before nightfall. The skirt I decided upon was of violet satin, perfectly plain, but of magnificent texture. The over-dress was a marvel. It was of brocade. It held all the colors of the rainbow, blended with a superhuman skill. It fitted me as if I had been poured into it. The yellow lace made my neck look like snow. I put on the high-heeled slippers, the silk stockings; I slipped into my ears big barbarous hoops of old-fashioned gold yellower than any guinea. Oh, how I wished papa and mamma and Tom and Jenny and Bridget could see me as I went down to Aunt Tabitha!

She nodded and smiled, then shook her head.

"You look very beautiful, my dear, but very absurd. You won't want to outdress your guests, and I doubt if there will be anything gayer than a plain black silk to-night. I have been thinking, Kate, that if a certain taste we want to please runs in the family, it is a very plain one. Perhaps you had better wear your own cashmere until we have a better opportunity of judging."

I turned upon the high-heeled slippers obediently, and went out of the room without a word. Pausing at the foot of the stairs, I looked out through the open doors upon the expiring day. The sun was slipping down behind Aunt Tab's strip of woods, dyeing every leaf and stem in colors more gorgeous than any I had chosen. Nature and I were in a sympathetic mood. Besides, I didn't want to put away my costume just yet. Plenty of time to put on the old cashmere that had been turned and sponged and dyed and scoured, and had never been very nice in the beginning. I caught up a shawl and ran out the door and down a by-path in the wood that led to the canal; I carefully climbed to a little promontory that jutted out over the water; I spread the shawl upon the rock, and, gathering up my skirts, was about sinking down in a comfortable position and giving myself over to the sympathetic mood, when I heard voices in the distance. Two men were approaching upon the foot-path of the canal. They paused beneath my promontory and began throwing sticks and stones into the water. "I warn you, Phil," said the taller, darker, more distinguished-looking of the two, "if I take your place as the lord of the manor, I shall be disagreeable, insolent, and arrogant; I shall spare no pains to let these people see that I despise them; and yet you will see them vying with each other to pay court to me, and be you never so courteous and painstaking to win their regard, you will take the second place in their deference and consideration. It is human nature, Phil."

"Perhaps we'll find a better type of it here," said the other.

"On the contrary, it will probably be a little worse than any we have met before," said his companion. "They haven't the polish to conceal their little plans; they'll be more awkward and repelling. There is nothing so nasty as vice without varnish. We'll play out our parts, Phil, and you'll be glad enough shortly to go back with me." They relapsed into silence, and walking on, their footsteps were lost in the distance. I scrambled down from my mossy retreat and out of my sympathetic mood, and ran home as fast as I could. I began to believe with papa in Providence. From what a shocking pitfall I had been mercifully saved! What a happy instinct had led me to my convenient promontory! An ever-seeing power had protected me from being the victim of a vile conspiracy. I went up to my room and divested myself of my brocade and satin; but I didn't put on my old cashmere. Oh no! There was a robe of India mull in the old chest of that divine melting hue that comes alone from age, that with a little ingenuity could be made into an exquisite Mother Hubbard. I stitched away till the last ray of light faded from the October day. I brushed all trace of the curling-iron from my hair, and gathered it into the loosest of knots called Grecian. Nothing could be simpler than the robe of Indian mull falling in graceful folds to my feet. I looked like a vestal, only I hadn't the heart to take out the big yellow hoops from my ears. I hurried down to help Aunt Tabitha receive the guests, many of whom had already arrived. At the foot of the stairs stood a plain, pale, unobtrusive young man, whom I immediately recognized as one of my impostors. A throng of people had followed the other one into the parlor, where he leaned against the wall, looking superciliously about him. As I passed the one at the foot of the stairs, he touched my arm lightly.

"Pardon me," he said, "you are losing one of your ear-rings."

I resolved to profit by this happy opportunity. "Oh, thank you," I said. "I don't care for them myself, but my aunt thought they might please Mr. Barnes."

"Then put them aside," he said, quickly. "I assure you Mr. Barnes cares nothing for adornments of that kind."

"Why, how do you know anything about Mr. Barnes?" I said. "He was born abroad, and is a stranger to the people about here."

"I'm not one of the people about here," he replied. "I am Mr. Barnes's man of business. My name is Mortimer. I know all Mr. Barnes's tastes and repugnances, and I am sure he would like you better without those barbarous rings."

"Then I'll put them aside," I said, and ran up the stairs again. When I came down he was still standing there, unnoticed and alone. He nodded and smiled encouragingly.

"Now there is absolutely nothing further to desire," he said.

"Have you no wish to join the guests?" I asked.

"They appear to be getting along very well without me," he replied; "but I should like to see your aunt. I have heard—" he paused.

"Come in with me," I said. "I will introduce you."

Aunt Tabitha saw us the moment we entered the parlor, and by the light that shone in her eyes when they rested upon my companion, and the inflection in her voice as she spoke to him, I was certain that she too knew who was the real Mr. Barnes. But she gave no sign of such knowledge, and he was left to himself the greater part of the evening, while the other was pursued and almost persecuted with attentions, so unwillingly received that I did not wonder the real Mr. Barnes, as he looked on quietly with rather an amused expression, nodded and smiled once in a while to the other conspirator with a significance that I also understood. It was a very easy matter, under the circumstances, to win his attention. He received mine with an earnest appreciation and gratitude that would have caused me some self-reproach had I not reminded myself that he also was playing a part that was far from honest and sincere. I caught a beam from Aunt Tabitha's eye when I went out with the pretended agent to supper that spoke volumes of praise for her disinterested and ingenuous niece.

"You see," I said, "I might as well have left the ear-rings in—he don't notice me in the least."

"He will by-and-by," said my companion; "he's naturally lazy."

"Is he? I'm so sorry! I suppose he's too *blasé* to enjoy anything, like shooting, or driving, or boating, or any of those things so nice when one has horses and boats and dogs."

"He is, in fact, averse to exercise of any kind."

"And how do you manage to keep him amused?"

"He's a philosopher, and studies human nature."

"And delights in finding it full of all sorts of vices and weaknesses?"

"I'm afraid so. But he's very good-natured."

"Is he? I wonder if he'd take a body out driving just as a charity? Aunt Tab's horse is so very slow."

"He'd be glad to do it, by proxy, I know. If you'll allow me, I'll come after you to-morrow. It will be just the same as if he went with you. I do everything for him."

"Well, you'll be sure to act under his authority, won't you? I've been told to make myself agreeable to him, but it's so hard to keep waking a person up all the time. I don't think he likes to be disturbed in that way."

My companion burst out laughing.

"You can disturb me in any way you like," he said. "Will your aunt let you go?"

"Oh yes, if your employer is concerned in the courtesy."

"And would you enjoy a ride with me by proxy?"

"Oh, much more than the other way. Commonplace people like you and me can't afford to fall asleep."

"I begin to find being a proxy very agreeable," he said, looking at me with an admiration that was new to me. There was a complete self-abnegation in it that had the charm of novelty. Hitherto I had been subject to homage that seemed to imply I was a very charming party, and the party rendering the homage equally as charming, and it was taken for granted that it would be very stupid not to be aware of these mutual advantages. But my companion made it appear as if I were the only one of any consequence just then in the whole world. All this was very delightful to one of my temperament.

The next day I went out driving by proxy.

A few days after I went boating in the same delightful way.

Subsequently I wrote to mamma that I had lots of ferns and mosses to trim up the dining-room for Thanksgiving.

For we had drifted together, this pleasant conspirator and I, into the beautiful Indian summer.

Aunt Tab was busy pickling and preserving, and gathering all sorts of sweet herbs that she stored away in the vicinity of the old cedar chest. The corn was stacked in the mellow fields, the sunshine lay broad and warm on the pumpkin vines, and the big yellow fruit grew rounder and richer day by day.

The false proprietor had begun to take a little trouble off his agent's hands. The drives and excursions were no longer all by proxy. He took an interest in our topics of conversation, he joined us in our rambles, he invited us to a day's pleasuring, and catered for our amusement with great kindness and industry. He dropped all his old impertinences, his languor, his insolent sarcasm, and was gentleness and courtesy itself.

Aunt Tab became restless and uneasy. The false agent gradually lost his gayety, and grew gloomy and taciturn. He absented himself from our rides and walks, and sat for hours out in the old arm-chair on the balcony looking fiercely into Aunt Tab's strip of woods. Any effort of mine to amuse him was sternly repelled. He had resigned the business of being proxy, he said; the principal had taken everything into his own hands. It was "better late than never," he supposed.

"The Sultan has at last thrown his handkerchief," said Aunt Tab. "I hope you'll find it as valuable as it promises to be."

She'd have told me all if she had dared, but was withheld by the obstinacy of the unhappy conspirator.

My own path was not strewn with roses. A foolish indecision hampered the happy completion of my plans. Sometimes I was tempted to drop everything and run away to F—— Street. I had not written home for a fortnight, but Aunt Tabitha had sent papa a cold little card telling them not to expect me at Thanksgiving.

One of the last lovely days in November was drawing to a close. Despite the cold civility of Aunt Tabitha, the handsome pretender had called and coaxed me away for a saunter through the woodland paths, now ankle deep in withered leaves. Nothing could induce his poor proxy to join us. He waved us away impatiently, and went within-doors to Aunt Tab. We had wandered far afield, and now that we were returning, a very tender expression deepened in the dark eyes of the pretender, and he asked me if I could forgive a deception practiced upon me. I said yes, if it was for my good. Then he asked if I thought it fair that one man should have everything, lands and gold and the woman he loved? Whether it wouldn't be just to let him keep his lands and gold, but give to the other the woman he loved? I said I thought a little depended upon the woman. He looked at me earnestly, but I was busy disentangling a burr from my dress.

"It is too much trouble," I said. "I will throw this dress aside, and put on another;" and bidding him good-by at the end of the lane, I left him standing there, confused and hesitating. I looked back when I reached the gate, but he was gone. I went round to the side door, and peeping through the geraniums at the open window of the pleasant long low sitting-room, I saw Aunt Tabitha and the real Philip Barnes watching a few logs smoulder away upon the open hearth.

"I know she was fond of you at first," said Aunt Tab; "and I don't believe she really loves this Mortimer now. If she had only herself to think of, she might yet be proof against this cruel temptation. But her people are miserably poor, and she is foolishly fond of them, and will be capable, I'm afraid, of sacrificing an honest affection in their behalf. Poor Kate! this wretched duplicity has destroyed her happiness with the rest."

"It is the Barnes luck," he said, burying his face in his hands.

I went lightly back on tiptoe to the front door, and entering the parlor, I played a low prelude on the old yellow keys, and sang softly an old ballad I had learned from mamma:

"They say I may marry the laird if I will—
The laird of high degree—
And jewels so fair I may twine in my hair,
And a lady I'll surely be.
But, oh, where will my heart be,
In spite of my gems so gay?
My heart it will break for somebody's sake—
So I think I had better say nay."

Somebody had come in at the door, had reached my side, had taken both my hands from the old yellow keys.

"Kate! Kate!" said the real Philip Barnes, "whatever I am, I am most miserable! I am bewildered. I am going mad, I think. Was that song for me, or for another? Tell me, Kate, can you love *me?*"

I dropped my burning face upon his shoulder. He drew me closer—closer.

"Kate," he whispered—"my own, my dearest, can you forgive a deception practiced upon you?"

Oh, how my ears tingled to hear the same words that the pretender had whispered to me only a little moment ago!

He went on to tell me the story I knew so well. My face burned and burned.

He called to Aunt Tabitha as she passed through the hall. "The Barnes luck has turned!" he cried—"it has turned!"

Aunt Tabitha came in. She kissed me, and patted my shoulder, and smoothed my hair.

"It's a bit of Tom's sentiment that has saved her, after all," she said. She looked, for the moment, twenty years younger and happier. I felt like a Judas.

When I went to bed that night I could not sleep a wink. I tossed and tossed, and stared at the ceiling, and listened to the storm that began to moan in the branches outside, till I could stand it no longer. I sprang out of bed, and ran into Aunt Tabitha's room on the other side of the corridor.

"Great Heaven! what is it?" cried Aunt Tabitha; for I was sobbing wildly.

Then I knelt down by her bedside and told her all. "I knew he was Philip Barnes," I said; "I knew it all along. But I resolved not to betray myself, for the sake of the dear ones at home. But I can't stand it—I can't—I can't!"

Aunt Tabitha threw herself back upon her pillow. "God pity poor Phil!" she said. "Then you love the other one?"

"No, no, no, Aunt Tab; I never cared a pin for him. I have loved Philip Barnes from the first."

Aunt Tab raised herself again upon her elbow. "Then what in the name of Heaven—" she began.

"Oh, don't you see," I cried, "that he thinks I love him for himself alone, that I would have loved him even if he had not been Philip Barnes, and I'm not so sure of that. I began loving him for the sake of papa and mamma and Jenny and Tom, and I finished by loving him for myself; but all this makes me feel like a thief and a robber."

"Fiddlesticks' ends!" said Aunt Tab.

But I would not be persuaded. "I'll never see him again," I said. "I'll go home in the first train in the morning."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Aunt Tab. "It's Thanksgiving-day, and I've written to your people not to expect you."

"I'm going home," I said, "in the very first train."

And I went. It rained and it rained, and my heart was as heavy as lead. F—— Street looked so shabby and miserable. The rain dripped down from the dirty old eaves, and slopped into the dingy old area, and spattered the windows of the front basement with great splashes of mud. Papa had his paper close to the light. When it was obscured by me, he rushed out.

"God bless my soul!" he cried, in his old cheery way. "She's come for Thanksgiving; I thought she would. I told you, momsey, our Kate wouldn't stay over Thanksgiving."

"Then she ought to have let us know," said Tom, "so as we could have got a bigger turkey. It's a very small one, and her appetite is enormous."

"Not now, Tom," I said, mournfully; "I don't eat enough to keep a sparrow alive. I'm so miserable!" and I began to cry; for, to tell the truth, I was sorry I hadn't kept Mr. Barnes, at any price, for the sake of these dear ones of mine. They all looked so very shabby, the table linen was so worn and old, the knives so battered, the dishes so nicked and fire-burned. Papa's hair had grown very gray. He looked so badgered and worn. The paper boy stopped for his bill, and went off again without receipting it.

"I have not been able yet," said poor dear papa, "to make a business connection suitable to my commercial position."

"And I have betrayed you all," I cried. Then gathering them all about me, I told them the story of my treachery. Mamma ran away once in a while to the turkey, which I am sure she basted with her tears. Papa began to bolster me up again with little aphorisms, such as, "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," "Virtue is its own reward."

"And a very poor one it is sometimes," said Tom. "Let's have dinner, anyway."

When mamma put the turkey on the table, I burst out laughing. "I'm sure it's a chicken," I said.

"It's even smaller than I thought," said Tom. "Must have shrunk in the cooking."

And at that moment another shadow obstructed the window, then another. A tall, severe-looking woman stood in the doorway. I ran and threw myself upon her neck.

"God bless you, Tab!" said my father, seizing her by both hands. "This is a happy surprise."

"I've taken the liberty of inviting myself to your Thanksgiving dinner, Tom," said Aunt Tab. "And I've brought a guest with me," she added, turning to me. "Philip Barnes is in the area, wet to the skin."

"That finishes it," said Tom, with an expression of the profoundest gloom; "the turkey won't go round."

But love did. It made up for all short-comings, and we had plenty of both and all for every Thanksgiving thereafter.

Mrs. Frank McCarthy.

THANKSGIVING.

For the hay and the corn and the wheat that is reaped,
For the labor well done, and the barns that are heaped,
For the sun and the dew and the sweet honey-comb,
For the rose and the song and the harvest brought home—
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

For the trade and the skill and the wealth in our land,
For the cunning and strength of the working-man's hand,
For the good that our artists and poets have taught,
For the friendships that hope and affection have brought—
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

For the homes that with purest affection are blest,
For the season of plenty and well-deserved rest,
For our country extending from sea unto sea,
The land that is known as the "Land of the Free"—
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

IMPORTANT PUBLIC WORKS IN ILLINOIS.

Public works in Chicago are undertaken on a large scale, and when a scheme for local improvement is adopted, it is pushed to completion with energy and dispatch. When, just after the terrible fire of 1871, it was decided that water for municipal use was being taken from Lake Michigan too near the shore, and was rendered impure by the discharge from the Chicago River, a second tunnel, much larger than the first, was immediately built and pushed two miles out into the lake, to where the water was clear as crystal, and huge pumping-works were erected to lift the water into a stand-pipe so tall that every building in the city should have an ample supply.

The Chicago River, while of vast importance to the commercial interests of the city, has always been a source of care and anxiety on account of its sluggish flow, and of its being the receptacle of all the sewage of the great community. Rising in a bog, and draining a level country, it has no perceptible current, and receiving through its several branches the accumulated filth of the city, it has become a body of liquid filth which can not be duplicated in this country. It was hoped in 1871, when the Illinois and Michigan Canal was opened, that the river would flow backward and discharge its burden of nastiness through the canal into the Illinois River; but this hope was disappointed, and the problem of how to obtain relief remained unsolved.

At last it was decided to erect a series of gigantic pumps, lift the waters of the river from their bed, discharge them at a higher level into the canal, and thus force it to flow backward, and purify itself with the clear waters of the great lake, from which it was to be made an outlet rather than an inlet. This scheme was no sooner declared practicable than it was undertaken, and now bids fair to be soon in active operation.

The works, consisting of eight immense centrifugal pumps, the largest in this country, and their accompanying system of engines, boilers, and lines of pipe, are under the charge of Mr. D. C. Cregier, President of the Board of Public Works, who is sanguine of the success of the undertaking. When in operation the pumps will lift from the river 60,000 cubic feet of water per minute, and discharge it into the canal. Through the canal, the relative position of which to the river is shown in the illustration on page 756, it will flow toward the Illinois River at the rate of two miles per hour.

In connection with this canal, another scheme has been set on foot which, if pushed to completion, will be of as great importance to the State of Illinois and the city of Chicago as was the freeing of the Erie Canal to the State and city of New York. This is the cutting of the Hennepin Canal from the point where the Illinois and Michigan Canal empties into the Illinois River to Rock Island, on the Mississippi River, thus opening direct water communication between the upper Mississippi and the vast section of country drained by it and its tributaries with Lake Michigan, and consequently with the Atlantic.

The canal thus proposed, a clear idea of which can be gathered from the map on page 756, will be sixty-five miles in length from Hennepin to Rock Island, and will contain twenty-eight locks. The estimated cost of this work is $3,899,722, and strong efforts were made last winter by the Representatives in Congress of the several States most interested to have it undertaken by the general government.

The Illinois and Michigan Canal was built by the State of Illinois, work upon it having been begun in 1836. It was delayed by the financial panic of the following year until 1843, when funds for its completion were raised by pledging its land grant and other available property to foreign capitalists. These having been re-imbursed from the receipts of tolls, the city of Chicago took possession of the canal, and deepened it to the level of Lake Michigan. After the great fire the State re-imbursed the city for its outlay, and again took possession. The surveys for the proposed new canal are being made by the Federal government, under the immediate supervision of Major Benyuard, U.S.A.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A number of Chicago ladies have organized a political society, with the object of hastening the coming of the time when women may vote, and their meeting night fell on the evening after the election. Their deliberations went on in a business-like way till one of the sisters interrupted with, "Excuse me, but will somebody please tell me how the elections went?" The question cast a gloom over the meeting.

The Woman's Union Mission has established a school for Chinese children in San Francisco. It is attended by about thirty pupils, whose ages range from three to sixteen years. Reading, writing, spelling, geography, and arithmetic are taught in the forenoon by American teachers, and in the afternoon a Chinese teacher instructs the pupils in the precepts of Confucius. It is a belief of the Chinese that the pupil who makes the most noise with his lips while studying is doing the best work, and the result of this belief can be imagined. It is said that one little fellow mastered the alphabet in a single day, which, it can be safely said, beats the Caucasian record.

A bear story from New Brunswick: George Trevors was attacked in the woods by a very large bear. He struck the brute on the head with a bottle of oil which he happened to have in his hand. With the oil running over him, the bear sprang upon Mr. Trevors and began hugging him, when the man lighted a match and set fire to the oil. The bear acknowledged himself beaten, and withdrew.

The Norfolk *Virginian* tells of an old lady who showed great alarm while the railway train was crossing a lofty trestle, and who exclaimed, when the train struck solid ground again, "Thank the Lord, she's lit!"

An English paper tells of the difficulties of manipulating the Naval Brigade on shore in Egypt. A staff officer wished to have a battalion of sailors right-wheel around the corner of a building, but could give no order that they understood. A naval officer stepped up and offered his services, which were gladly accepted. "Here, blue jackets," he cried, "luff, and weather that house," and the sailors went around the corner in a twinkling.

Some Chinamen were arrested in Nevada for gambling. They proved that they had been playing draw poker merely, and the magistrate apologized and released them.

A Philadelphia man who went West to grow up with the country has returned with some stories illustrating how it was that he failed to keep up. He says that night overtook him while he was hunting in the mountains, and he went to sleep in a tree to keep out of reach of the wolves. Early on the next morning, he avers, some workmen told him to come down and finish his nap on the court-house steps, as they wanted to turn the tree into a flag-pole for the hotel across the way.

The Sultan of Turkey has been celebrating the thirteen-hundredth year of the Mahommedan calendar, which year, the soothsayers had predicted, would give the world a new prophet of Islam. The astrologers hastened to inform the Sultan that he was that prophet. They then said unto themselves: "It's a cold day when a regular Turkish astrologer gets left."

A searcher after curiosities in the results of the recent elections says that of the two hundred and ninety-three members of the present House of Representatives one hundred and forty-seven—just a majority—failed to be re-elected.

It is estimated that eleven hundred people lost their lives when the shower of ashes fell on the city of Pompeii. Two-fifths of the area covered by the ancient city have been explored, and the bones of four hundred and fifty human victims have been exhumed. The skeletons of only three dogs have been found, and all the cats seem to have escaped.

The Maryland Club, of Baltimore, has a terrapin cook who is paid twenty-five hundred dollars a year, "and wears better clothes than the best-dressed clergyman in town."

Commissions are sent out from Washington, a correspondent says, every few weeks to inspect fifty-mile sections of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The railroad company pays all the expenses of the commissioners, and entertains them sumptuously in special cars. The government pays them ten dollars a day, and allows them liberal mileage. The trips occupy about a month. President Arthur is besieged by persons who want to be appointed commissioners.

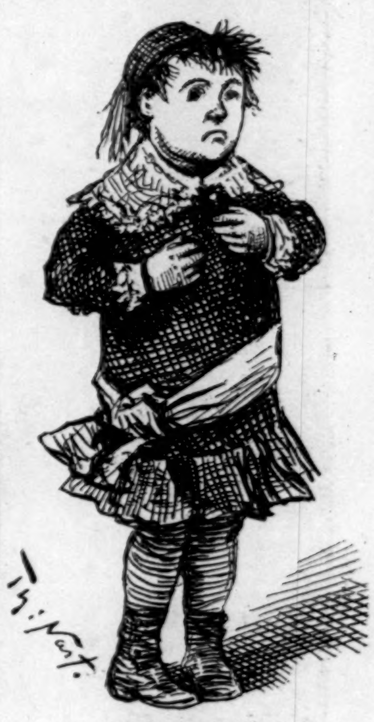
Prizes are offered to the students in Union College who shall keep the neatest and most attractive rooms. It is hoped that the incentives will be sufficient to do away with base-ball shoes as mantel ornaments.

Complaint is made in San Francisco because the millionaires of the Pacific coast build palaces there for themselves, live in them a year, and then come to New York to take comfort.

Spain, says a writer, is becoming a place of refuge for debtors who are compelled to flee from England. There is no treaty providing for the extradition of such refugees.

A Connecticut Democrat, while carrying barrels to feed an election-night bonfire, managed to get one of the barrels over his head. When he attempted to cast it into the fire, he threw himself in with it. Being somewhat under the influence of liquor, and in a tightly fitting barrel, he nearly lost his life before his enthusiastic friends saw his plight and went to his rescue.

Salt for the cattle on the Arizona ranges is easily obtained. Wagons are driven into the salt lagoons, and the crystals are shovelled up. It is estimated that a million pounds a year are taken in this way from a lake near the New Mexican boundary.



A NATURAL QUESTION AFTER THANKSGIVING.

"Mamma, do Turkeys get alive again?"

Chinamen are coming to the front in California as growers of hops. The name of that plant figures somewhat extensively in Oriental proper names, as in Hop Sing, Hop Lee, Tuck Hop, and the like.

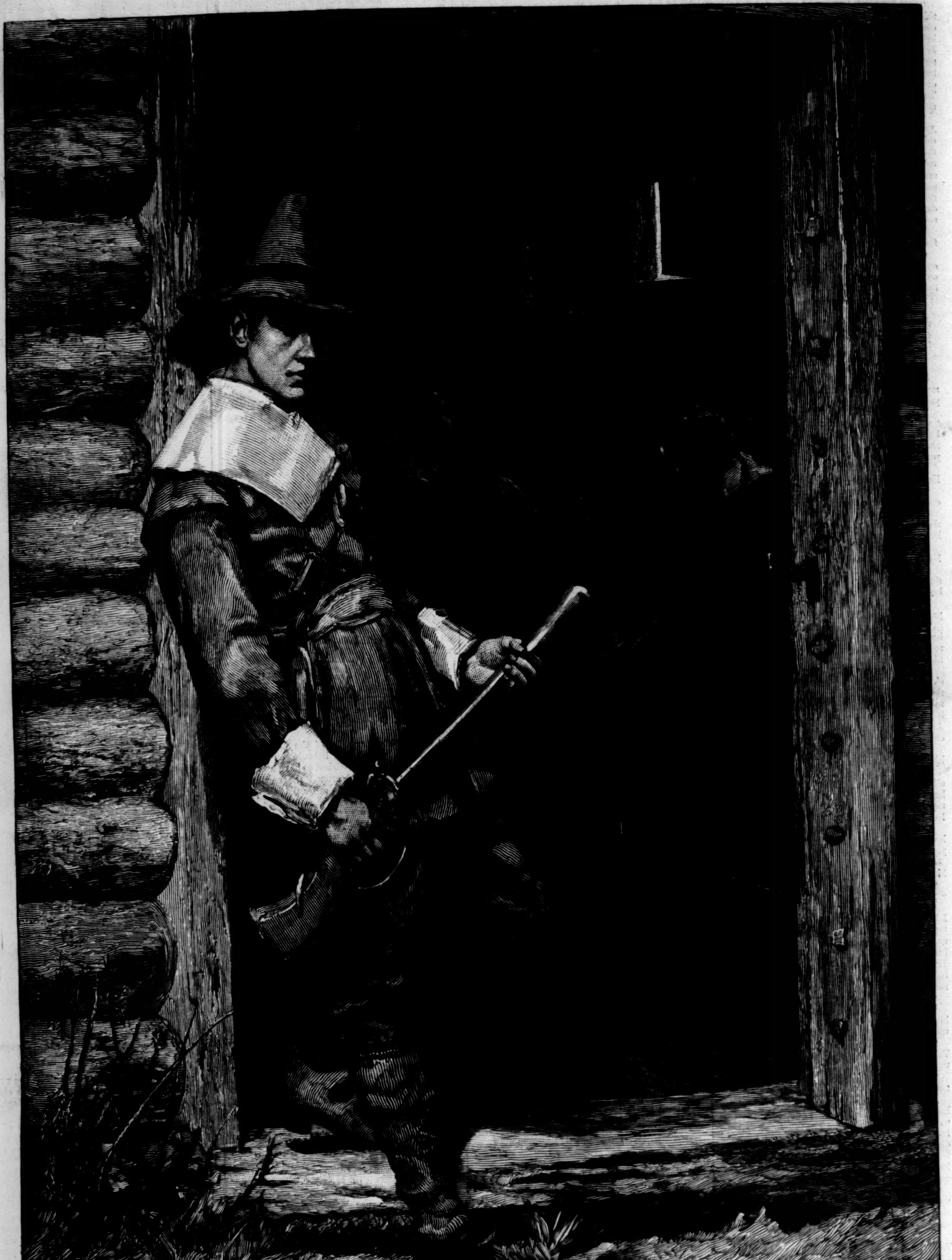
"Now that the Republican party has been so mauled and keel-hauled as to be incapable of doing any present harm," is the way an anti-reform paper begins a leading editorial article.

To go unscathed through the rebellion, and die nearly a score of years afterward of hiccoughs, was the hard fate of a Georgian.

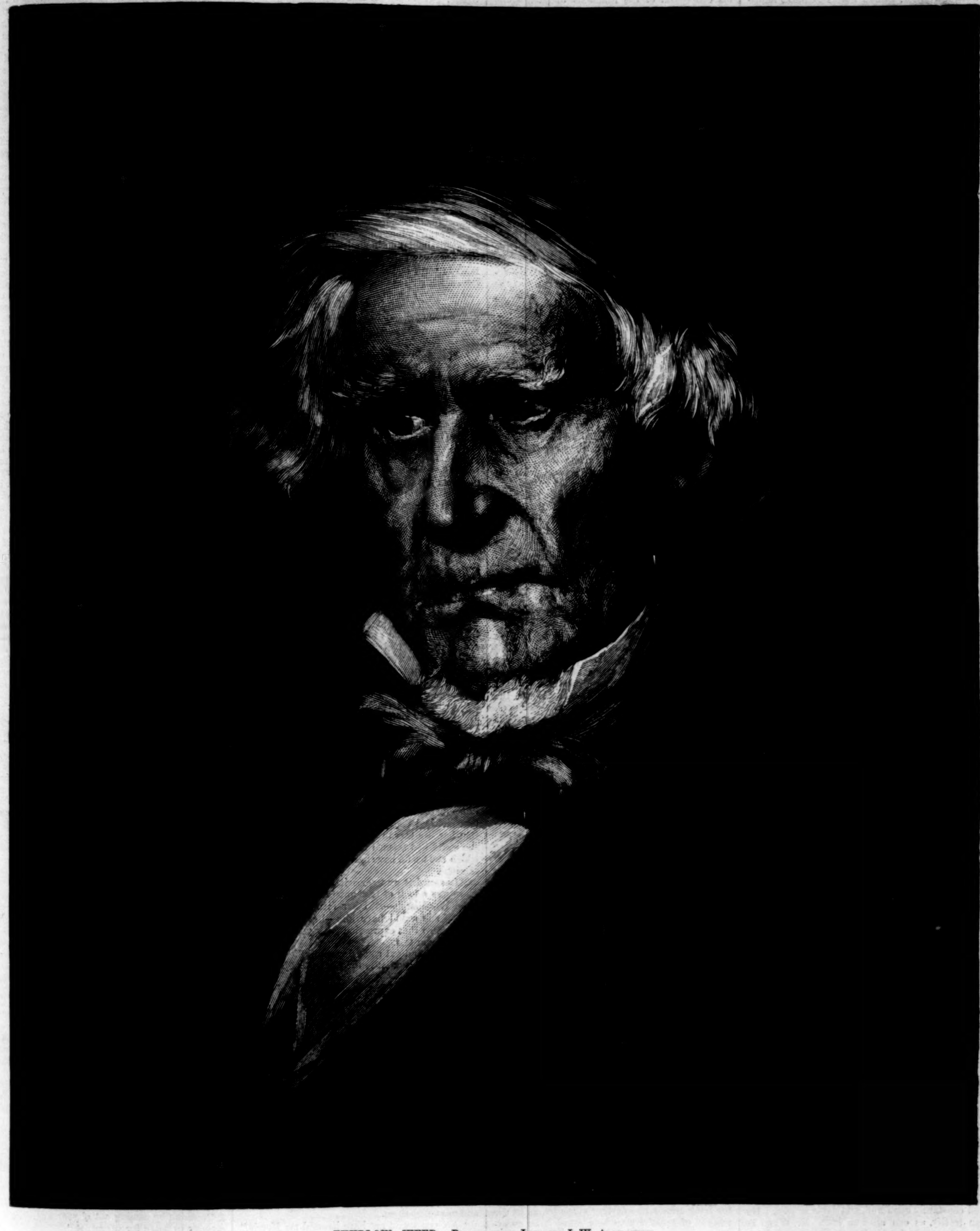
A reporter who was sent to interview the venerable Simon Cameron on the results of the election found him reading "The Deserted Village."

A thrilling episode of the Western tour of a prima donna has been narrated by the lady to a reporter. The troupe was travelling on an express train called the "Flying Dutchman." At a station in Wisconsin the maid who had charge of the diamonds was sent out after a cup of coffee, and she got left. "Away went the 'Flying Dutchman,'" says the account, "and after it the maid, and such a race was never before seen between a red-headed girl and a railroad train. Bets were two to one on the 'Dutchman,' when the train was stopped. The maid came up panting, but she had not spilled a drop of coffee, nor lost a single jewel."

It is claimed that Kentucky is the Mother of Speakers, since the Speakership of the House of Representatives has been held by that State for a greater number of years than by any other. Massachusetts has furnished four Speakers, and Virginia four, while only three sons of Kentucky have held that office; but the three Speakers from Kentucky occupied the chair for sixteen years—six years more than Massachusetts's four, and three years more than the four from Virginia. Pennsylvania has had three Speakers, whose terms covered eleven years. In the event of Mr. Carlisle's being the next Speaker, Kentucky will be a long distance ahead.


1882 Will H. Low

AT THE CHURCH DOOR—A PURITAN THANKSGIVING.—Drawn by W. H. Low.



THURLOW WEED.—Drawn from Life by J. W. Alexander.

THURLOW WEED.

On election-day this fall an old man, weak, worn, and blind, was lying upon the bed of sickness from which he was never to rise. His body was the frailest of tenements, but his mind, in the fine phrase of Lowell, was still "the unwasted contemporary of its own prime." During the morning he scarcely uttered a word. But shortly after noon, summoning a member of his family to his side, he inquired, "Is there no way I could vote by proxy?" **Thurlow Weed** was the questioner. That election-day was the first since he had come of age on which he had been kept from the ballot-box; and his consuming desire to exercise a right which he held so precious, and which, in some sort, may be said to have been largely instrumental in shaping his life, had its outcome in a query which is to be regarded rather as a fervent exclamation prompted by what was stirring in the veteran's heart. Politics had been the passion of his life, and it dominated his death-bed.

The career of **Thurlow Weed** must always prove an interesting and suggestive study to the student of our republican system in its formative period. Beginning with the rise of the anti-Masonic party in 1826, that career as a positive influence was protracted to the close of a life that lasted for eighty-five years. Mr. Weed did, indeed, retire from active—or at least aggressive—politics some fifteen years ago. But the time that remained was not in the nature of an anti-climax. It was filled with the wise counsels which befit an old man, just as the longer portion of his life had been given to the action that goes with vigor. Writing in 1879, one of his old friends and ardent admirers declared that he was all-powerful in political conventions until 1862. But it was ten years later that Mr. Weed accomplished the nomination of John A. Dix for Governor. And so it may with propriety be said that, never lagging superfluous, from the far vanished campaign in which he worked valiantly to place De Witt Clinton in the Executive Chair, until the bright unclouded morning a few days ago when he passed over to the majority, **Thurlow Weed** was a constant political force.

During a considerable portion of his life, so far as the course of his party in New York and the nation was concerned, he was the virtual controller, not to say the dictator. To a degree which never has been equalled, and probably never will be, his iron will was the Mede-Persian law not only to the rank and file, but to the recognized chiefs of his party. He led the leaders. He was *the* appellate Whig. The historian who concerns himself with the political eras lying just back of our own will find it impossible to present a rounded account of the rise and fall of parties and their policies, the main-springs of conventions, the triumph of this man's ambition and the wreck of that one's, without carefully tracing Mr. Weed's footsteps. What sort of a man was he? What were his aims? what his methods? The corner-stone of his character was unselfishness. He may have done much to warrant the belief that "the party, right or wrong," was his motto, but no point in his record convicts him of diligence in looking out for number one. He was twice a member of Assembly in his youth, before the trend of his activities had been fairly determined. But never afterward did he hold office, although some of the great prizes—Governor, United States Senator, Minister to England—were more than once his for the accepting. His preference was for the power behind the throne, while his foresight taught him that his position of manager and counsellor in chief was conditioned upon total abstinence from office-holding. "When it is supposed," he once wrote, "that an individual exercises influence in the councils and conventions of his party, where of necessity the aspirations of hundreds are disappointed, nothing but an abiding faith among the people in that individual's judgment and unselfishness can sustain him." His judgment was as sound as his unselfishness was sincere, and these two cardinal qualities, combined with consummate tact and tireless energy, rendered him the strongest, the longest-reigning, and most successful party manager this country has ever produced. Into the tremendous firm of Seward, Weed, and Greeley he brought as much available capital as either of the other partners. He lacked the culture, the training, the firm philosophic grasp upon seminal principles of Seward; Greeley was more versatile, creative, and comprehensive, and excelled him in moral enthusiasm. But in natural force Mr. Weed was the peer of either, while he easily surpassed them both in his knowledge of human nature, in that spontaneous and ever-present sagacity for which "gumption" is the better term, in personal magnetism, in power of making and retaining friends, and in the fine art of convincing men while burning before them the subtle but penetrating incense of seeming acquiescence in their views. There will be little or no dissent from this account of the salient characteristics that went to make Mr. Weed the controlling force he was in public life for so many consecutive years. But there is not, perhaps, quite the same agreement in regard to his aims and methods. That he did much to advance his party for the party's sake, apparently losing sight of the fact that it was a means to an end, and not the end itself, that the party was made for the country, and not the country for the party—this may be admitted. And so, too, it may be contended that his methods were those of his day and generation, neither better nor worse; that so long as the result to be achieved commended itself to his judgment, he was not too particular about the process.

He subscribed to the doctrine of his great protégé, Mr. Seward, who once asserted that he had early learned from Thomas Jefferson that in politics we must do what we can, not what we would. Mr. Weed had just begun to impress himself on public affairs when the golden age of spoils dawned with the administration of Jackson. He filed no protest against this phase of Jacksonism; he constantly endeavored to strengthen his party by the skillful use of patronage, and his whole life through he was a good hater of the best-digested schemes of civil service reform. But when criticism drawn from these and related considerations has exhausted itself, the weighty fact remains to correct the final estimate that his record demonstrates that his aims looked to the conservation of the common prosperity; that whatever his errors, misconceptions, or limitations, he was a devoted lover of his country, regarding her service as perfect freedom. It is scarcely too much to claim that, according to the measure of his opportunity, he did as much as any other American for the cause of the Union during the war. He expressed his uncompromising and ardent patriotism by services of incalculable value. He deeply regretted at the outset of the struggle that an infirm leg and a broken arm precluded his entrance into the army, but his opportunity for devoted practical patriotism soon came.

President Lincoln intrusted him with the most delicate, difficult, and momentous of missions to England and France during the darkest days of the war—it was just as the *Trent* affair had provoked John Bull to clamor ferociously for war—which resulted in the failure of the Confederacy to obtain recognition from either of those representative powers. The detailed account of the manner in which he accomplished this splendid feat of diplomacy has never been given to the public. It is understood, however, that it will form one of the most notable chapters of the *Reminiscences* which Mr. Weed left behind him as his most fitting and enduring monument. But with the outcome of the mission the country is familiar, and therefore may well feel that it owes Mr. Weed a debt of gratitude that can never be repaid. Nor were his labors in behalf of the Union cause confined to what he did to form a correct sentiment beyond the sea concerning the war. From Sumter to Appomattox he was equally zealous and efficient in a dozen other directions. Mr. Morgan, New York's great War Governor, relied constantly upon him, and never in vain. He can testify, as can all who knew Mr. Weed in those days, that he carried the country upon his heart, and was full of good works in her interest.

And yet this man did not hesitate to call himself a "boss."

A short time previous to his death he wrote a letter in which, with some reservations, he confessed to having been a "boss." But we submit that bosses are made of different stuff. He certainly was not a boss in the current acceptation of the term. He was no place-seeker. He had respect to the consent of the governed, and the men whom he put in office were, as a rule, those whom the office would naturally have sought. This is hardly boss-ship. It is more like legitimate leadership, the sort that your independent voter never resents, but always welcomes. There remains to be placed to his credit his rugged sincerity. It can not be doubted that he was thoroughly convinced that the civil service reformers were, as he was fond of calling them, simply well-meaning visionaries. The objections which he urged so frequently and so stoutly against civil service reform have frequently been combated in this paper. They had their origin in his conception of the functions of parties and the significance of offices, and in his respect and affection for the established order, which made him instinctively distrust the race of non-conformists.

Of course the general public's interest in Mr. Weed rests upon his feats of political management in peace and his feats of diplomacy in war. And so it happens that his great work as a journalist is sometimes thrown in the background. But one of the sources of his remarkable success is found in his rare skill as an editor. No man of his generation of the newspaper estate better understood the art of effective expression. He never forgot that the straight line is the shortest distance between any two points, and so he resolutely avoided circumlocution. Add that he was as drastic as he was terse, and that he possessed a grim and dangerous humor all his own, and his skill as a political polemic can readily be imagined. His stinging paragraphs were the pebbles from the brook that smote the giants of the Albany Regency with fatal effect. Mr. Greeley—and no better witness could be called—declared that "for twenty years Mr. Weed was the most sententious and pungent writer of editorial paragraphs on the American press."

But the man was greater than the politician, party leader, diplomatist, or journalist, and reflecting upon his private life, I am tempted to apply to him Coleridge's words, declaring that "his worth is much greater than his fame; it is impossible not to speak great things of him, and yet it will be very difficult to speak what he deserves." His intercourse with his fellows was controlled by the golden rule: he loved his neighbor as himself in very deed and truth. The unselfishness which in public affairs was made manifest in unstinted, self-forgetting exertions for his well-beloved party, in private life took the shape of whole-hearted benefactions. To his friends he was faithful and attached unto death. To his most bitter opponents he was considerate and generous. The poor, the oppressed, the unhappy, from whatever cause, found in him a sympathizing confidant, ever prompt and liberal in relieving their necessities. The poor of New York regarded him as an Abou Ben Adhem, and no one of them, it is safe to say, ever went away empty-handed from his door. Many of the pensioners upon his bounty came to look upon his features in death, and as they bent above his coffin, exclaimed, while the tears fell fast, that they had lost their best friend.

To young and struggling men all through his life he was like an affectionate and thoughtful father. He entered into their plans, he cheered the weak-hearted, he gently chided the foolish—his purse and influence were at the service of all of them. Such was Thurlow Weed, the party manager free from the alloy of selfishness, the vigorous and incisive journalist, the ardent patriot, the truest of friends, the kind and gentle almoner of Heaven's bounty. His deeds in peace and in war, for this commonwealth and the Union, both of which he loved so well, will surely cause his memory to grow greener with the years. And remembering that his charity never failed, it may be written of him, as it was written a few years ago of another dead journalist, "The dews of charity which he distilled for more than half a century will be drawn up into one cloud, and poured upon his grave."

William H. McElroy.

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. Robinson,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," etc.

BOOK THE FIRST

CHRONICLES THE GOOD INTENTIONS OF JOHN WOODHATCH, AND THE VERY BAD INTENTIONS OF GREG DORWARD.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Why are the hands so still?"

To trace step by step and link by link the tragedy of Morris Brake's death comes not within the purport of this story. It is sufficient to record that no clew to the murderer was afforded by any evidence forth-coming at the inquest. The story remained as a dark blot upon the fair fame of Skegs Shore, and there was much conjecture as to the motive of the crime, but not an atom's worth of proof. Moreover, it was a crime that did not pass out of the recollection of these quiet Lincolnshire folk, and was not to be set aside for fresh crimes and further villainies, as in the records of great cities, where crime is an every-day occurrence, and has its allotted daily space in every newspaper for the amusement of the readers.

There was no new murder to follow Morris Brake's, and Skegs Shore had been without a sensation since the Conquest or thereabouts, when the Fen tribes were savages, and lived and died like savages in the wild Fen lands which no sane man had attempted to explore.

They would talk of young Brake, and how he had met his death, for years. The inn parlors and the corners of the market-place would echo with the story, and each man or woman would have his or her idea respecting it. John Woodhatch was a man who had done much good in the country, and spent much money in wages, but there were ugly rumors against him now, and who had set them going it was impossible to trace. People remembered that John Woodhatch had been courting the Methodist's daughter, and that Morris Brake had stolen a march upon him, and married her off-hand. A good man, John Woodhatch; but what would not jealousy do even amongst good folk? What had it not done from the day when Shakspeare's black man smothered Desdemona? They did not say John Woodhatch was jealous, but they whispered amongst themselves that it might be so, and they had heard in some strange way that Morris was leaving Farm Forlorn on the very day he was found dead by the wagoner—just as Fladge had gone away suddenly afterward, and been provided with some berth in Lincoln city, they believed. At all events, he had disappeared, and might be murdered too, for what they knew to the contrary, for no one in Skegs Shore had set eyes on Reuben Fladge again.

People began to think that Farm Forlorn was an uncanny place, and to remember that its owner had once been in the clutch of the police and under sentence in a reformatory, and that he had a craze for the company of sinners, and wild projects for reforming sinners—which projects might be all dissimulation in so deep a man—and theories for their salvation by work. A wonderful faith in work had this John Woodhatch—a Carlylean faith Skegs Shore folk would have said had they ever heard of Carlyle—and a man who could preach about it, when lured into argument, with all the vehemence of Larcom the Methodist when firing away his hardest at Zion Chapel; a man who spent much money in carrying out, or attempting to carry out, his principles—money that would have been better expended on honest people who were hard up and *not* too fond of work, absolutely hated work, a few of them. Still, John Woodhatch was a force and power in Skegs Shore, and was only talked about behind his back—as who is not in these scandal-loving times, from princes of the blood royal to Sally in our alley? He was an eccentric and mysterious kind of man, with eccentric and mysterious surroundings, but to be respected as one who spent his money freely in the county, and was thought by a great many, who were not suspicious, to be the soul of honor after his own queer fashion.

The inquest had brought no fresh facts to light, or very few new facts which are necessary to recount in this place. The Methodist was the principal witness. along with the wagoner and the Methodist's daughter, thin and white and ghost-like, who had to depose quietly but firmly that she was the last to see Morris Brake alive; that he had stolen in the night-time from the farm, after a habit that he had had for months, it was confessed, to see her. He had brought her news that he was going away from Farm Forlorn for good; that he had had a few words with Mr. Woodhatch, to whom he had confessed his secret marriage; but they had parted good friends, Morris had told her, and Mr. Woodhatch had advised him to have nothing to do with Mr. Scatterwait, but to leave his future in the master's hands. What Mr. Woodhatch had intended to do for Morris Brake she did not know, and the question was not asked her.

It was asked, however, if she had a suspicion of any one in this bad, black business of Morris's murder, and she said she had not now. Being pressed as to her first impressions, she remarked that all was confusion and horror to her, and she remembered only that Morris Brake was killed, that she had been ill and mentally afflicted, and that her life was in danger for three days; and the world had seemed then a terrible place, from which she would have been glad to escape at any sacrifice.

Afterward it was remarked that, for a while, there was a look of fear upon her when she met John Woodhatch—still her father's friend, and hers, if she would have him—but that as time wore on, so that expression grew very faint, and died away at last.

"I shall find out some day who killed my Morris," she said; "that is the aim and object of my life."

"It's a poor object at the best," said her father, "and ye'll have to leave it to wiser heads, child."

"I shall be always watching, planning."

"You asked me one day if I had killed him," said Woodhatch, moodily. "Do you remember that, Lucy?"

"That day is a cruel dream to me," she answered.

"But you do not think that now," he asked, very firmly, "as others may be thinking?"

"Others?"

"Those who do not know me as you do, and would make a story of it," he added.

She put her hand in his and held it very closely, looking into the bronzed face of the man whom she had known from her own childhood's days, and had always feared a little; and they were clear, unflinching eyes which met her own and answered them.

"No, you would not have harmed my Morris," she said.

John Woodhatch drew a deep breath of relief, and said: "Thank you. What other people think does not matter to me."

"Is it any use talking of this? Does it do any good?" asked Mr. Larcom.

"I should like to speak of it sometimes," replied Lucy, "to show I am not afraid, that I am thinking of him, and the grievous wrong done me by taking him away."

"That was the will of the Lord," said Mr. Larcom, solemnly, "and ye are resisting it if ye talk like that of wrong."

"Then I resist it," she said, firmly, and with a gleam in her blue eyes that was significant.

"Ye were not an obedient child, or honored your father overmuch, Lucy, and this affliction—which I own was an afflic—"

John Woodhatch interrupted him roughly.

"That will do, Alec," he said, sternly; "we will have no argument on this matter. Lucy's is too great a sorrow to be disturbed by your reproaches."

"I don't reproach her," answered Larcom.

"You may if you will; I will not grieve any the more or less," she added; and the two men exchanged sad glances with each other, as if they understood that the worst had come to Lucy Brake, and she would never be the same again in mind or body if they were not careful of her.

It was no use advising her. She listened at times to advice as to change of air and scene and occupation, but she followed it not in any one particular. She was always grave and thoughtful, but obedient. She took her place at the harmonium in the little chapel again as part and parcel of her duty, but it was noticed she never again sang a note of music, and that she had a strange habit of looking at the floor—at the very spot where she had first seen Morris lying dead. What would become of Lucy Brake as months and years went on? was one of the questions which Skegs Shore asked itself. Would Time act its great part of healer, and bring the smiles and color back to the pale face, or would she fade away, and join her husband presently—she, so young still?

Of the details of the secret marriage little was said, and less known. It was a pure love story enough; the romance of boy and girl, each acting rashly, but in a manner they considered was the best and safest—a method which would secure them for each other, and give them the courage to oppose the wishes of those who would have parted them at any cost. No new story this. The romance of two young souls, loving and unwise, but with an immense faith in the strength of their affection, and with little knowledge of themselves—a romance that might have ended sadly had Morris even lived, John Woodhatch was disposed to think, although Lucy could only see what might have been through the mists of blinding tears, and was so sure, so very sure, that all would have been a perfect happiness with her husband. Ever before her was the last picture in which he was enshrined, and where he played Romeo to her Juliet with as much passion at his heart as he of old Verona: how they had whispered that night of their future, and set their puny wits to work to smooth the little troubles which would come to them with the revelation of the truth, and which their strong love would so easily surmount; how they had talked of John Woodhatch, and of his promise to do something for them, to stand between them and her father's grief and anger at deceiving him, to set them up in the world they were beginning at an early age, and to be—honest, thoughtful John!—always their true friend; how they had talked of themselves, and forgotten John Woodhatch altogether. And Morris had assured her there were no more troubles for them now, only a little uncertainty, and a few hard words to bear, and then the happy future, and the happy ending to a pleasant love tale.

And this was the end of it, and of all their bright young dreams; and Lucy Brake was a widow before she was eighteen years of age.

Thus time stole on, month by month and year by year, swiftly and silently, like the deep, noiseless river that it is, bearing away all things to the sea which rolls around this world. Morris had been dead three years, and Lucy was the mother of a little girl who was wondrously like him, and had been born some eight months after the young husband's decease. It was the birth of this child which had saved Lucy Brake from a mad-house, which had given her new thoughts and feelings, new ambitions and hopes, a new path in life across the unknown fields stretching away to a land upon which the sun might presently shine. From the time that the child grew well and strong—for its little life had been despaired of during the first two months—did Lucy begin to grow well and strong also, to present to those who watched her some semblance of her former self. She was sad enough, as a rule, but it was observed that she could smile sweetly and spontaneously at the little baby face, looking down at the blessing which God had brought to her, and for which she was very deeply thankful.

One day, when she was sitting at the door of her father's house—this was in the second summer following Morris's death—a strange figure in tattered raiment advanced slowly up the garden path, and made her heart beat rapidly at the sight of him.

"Father, who is this? Do you recollect?" she asked, in a short, sharp tone of voice which had been noticeable after Morris's death, but which had left her lately.

Mr. Larcom was sitting in his garden in his shirt sleeves, smoking his long clay pipe, and presenting a very rural and unparsonlike appearance. Lucy had her child in her arms, with its fair ringlets nestled against her heart.

"No, I don't know him, Lucy," answered Mr. Larcom. "Here, clear oot o' this, man. Ye'll get nothing by coming oot o' yeer way. I've no mooney to spare for vargrants."

But the tramp came on just the same, with long, uneven strides, and when he was close upon them, Mr. Larcom recognized Reuben Fladge, now a high-shouldered, white-faced man, unshorn, ragged, and dirty, a poor wreck of the youth he had seen last at Farm Forlorn.

"Bless me! is that ye, Fladge?" he cried. "Why, where on airth have ye been all this time?"

"Working, or trying to work. That's about it," he answered, very sullenly.

"In Lincolnshire?"

"No, very far from Lincolnshire. Many miles beyond it. And I'm hard up and dead beat," said Fladge.

"Do ye want assistance?" asked Mr. Larcom.

"I will take it from you—or her," he answered, looking hard at Lucy.

"I was about to observe, Fladge, that the old master would be sorry to see ye brought down so low as this."

"He sorry?"

"Yes."

"All his fault it is, not mine," said Fladge.

---

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

"And he would help ye—gladly eno'."

"I sha'n't go to him. I daren't go to him!"

"Do you bear him ill-will, Fladge?" asked Lucy, curiously.

"Who?—me?" exclaimed Fladge, with a half shriek that scared the pipe out of Mr. Larcom's mouth, and frightened the little child. "What!—me? Good Lord, I'd tear my heart out for him, if it was to save him trouble, or do him any good. I'd let him kill me, if he'd only ask me, willingly. I've come to you to tell me, if you will, how is he? How's the lot of 'em?"

"And ye will not go and ask for yeerself?" said the parson.

Fladge shuddered visibly.

"No, I can't do that."

"They're all pretty fairly wa'al," said Mr. Larcom, feeling in every pocket for a stray sixpence which he was sure he had put there in the morning.

"The master's well?"

"Yes."

"And Mrs. Chadderton?"

"About as wa'al and as leevely as usual," was the dry reply.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Fladge; but it was not the old hearty laugh, but a discordant and strange cry. "And Spikins, and Greg, and all of 'em? All alive, and there with him, just the same?"

Mr. Larcom nodded.

"Tell them I asked—will you, Mr. Larcom?"

"Yes, I will; and here's sixpence, Fladge, if it's any use to ye. And if ye'll tak my adveece, ye'll go to—"

Fladge snatched the money from his hand.

"I'll take the sixpence, but not the advice, parson," he said; "and I'd drop down dead afore I went on farther. Why, I should—I know I should."

He looked at Lucy, and at the little girl upon her lap, and who instantly hid her face away from him, and began to sob with fear.

"His child?" he asked, in a sudden and strange whisper—"Morris's?"

"Yes," answered Lucy, mournfully.

"His eyes; exact!"

"Yes. You remember him well, Fladge—don't you?"

"Ay, I do. He brought me down to this; he turned me thief again; he got me into prison over there. All him," cried Fladge.

"Oh, no, no, no," cried Lucy, distressed at this accusation.

"It *was* through him I went against the master; and the master was hard, and wouldn't forgive me. Tell Mr. Woodhatch that, parson, won't you, now?" continued Fladge—"won't you?"

"I'm not so sure. The master has enough to worry him without ye," was the answer.

"Ay; then doan't tell him," muttered Fladge.

He looked at Lucy again thoughtfully.

"Was any one taken up for the murder?" he asked, in a low voice.

"No one."

"That's strange, now. No one."

He nodded his head slowly toward them, and then limped away in the direction he had come, as though he had fulfilled his mission to them. At the bend of the road he looked back toward them, and shook his hand in farewell—a spectral kind of figure, with the red evening sky for a lurid background.

Lucy covered her face with her right hand, and broke down a little.

"He brings back the cruel past. Why did he come to me?" she cried.

"The Lord knows! He looks very mad and very sad. Poor Fladge!" the father replied.

"What made him ask if any one had been arrested?" she said.

"My dear Lucy, how can I tell?"

"And I said no one," she continued, thoughtfully—"no one. Why are the Hands so still, father?"

"The Hands!" repeated Mr. Larcom, absently.

"The Hands of Justice, which should be full of strength and power and life, and from which no murderer should ever escape."

"Except into the Hands of God, child," answered Mr. Larcom, solemnly.

BOOK THE SECOND.

FIVE YEARS AFTERWARD.

CHAPTER I.

VISITORS TO SKEGS SHORE.

We take up the thread of our story some five years after the murder of Morris Brake at Skegs Shore—five years which have affected our characters, materially changing them for better or for worse: the rule governing all characters beyond the sphere of story-books, and therefore nothing to be marvelled at; it is simply our task to record the fact, and to show how the law of universal change has worked with those whose lives we have set ourselves to study.

Five years had hardly passed by, for it was summer yet, and there was company at Skegs Shore. It was August—real hot August weather, too—and Skegs Shore was in its season. It was in the height of its season, when the one basket-chaise and pony in the place—to be hired by giving due notice at the Swan—was to be met with in the green lanes, and when, if you brought your own Bath-chair, a man could be found to bump you along half a mile of rutty path and sand-bank to the sea-shore, where the company assembled between eleven and one in the morning, and were seen no more for the remainder of the day; where children ran and romped and shrieked with laughter, till the sun went down, and the nurse-maids took them home to bed, their little tired legs toddling away in all directions across the drifts of sand. The Skegs Shore round about the railway station was the actual watering-place of this part of the world; Farm Forlorn, lying two miles away, was not a portion of it, and people particular in addresses added, "Near Skegs Shore," to make sure of letters reaching Mr. Woodhatch.

Skegs Shore did not push itself forward to encourage visitors in any way; there it was, to patronize or leave alone, an old-fashioned Lincolnshire village, undreamed of out of Lincolnshire by most folk, and not well known even in the county. No buildings went on here; not even a cottage had been erected for the last twenty years. The population did not increase, for as most people grew up they took train away from it, and were not heard of again. An archæologist or two in the course of the year would arrive from some learned centre to inspect the church and harass the vicar or the sexton with unnecessary questions; and an artist once or twice had looked round, and, as a rule, had departed very hastily. Still, it had its season, being near the sea, and having as fine a stretch of sand as any watering-place in England. There were not wanting prophets to foretold even a future for Skegs Shore—a time when rows of lodging-houses should form terraces and crescents, when a big hotel should rise like a giant from the sand-hills, and an iron pier of the usual spider frame and daddy-longlegs style of construction be run out a hundred yards into the water, to shake like a jelly beneath the tramp of future visitors, listening to the braying of a German band which would be always blue with cold.

But this was a dream of the far-away future, based upon the ambitious struggles of other places round about the coast; at present, as at the time of our story, Skegs Shore was simply somnolent and rigid. The season had not brought the native energy into much activity. It was a place where visitors came for quiet, and invariably found it; where children were brought for fresh air, and never missed it either, there being an undue quantity about; where a tired business man from Boston, Grantham, or Lincoln could rest, almost as if he were in his grave, so little notice would be taken of him, and so little life about him would he find. There were no houses nearer than the village itself, with the exception of one hump-backed cottage belonging to the coast-guard, and where one man on duty might be seen now and then tramping disconsolately along the sand-hills with a telescope under his arm, waiting for the smugglers that never came—indeed, that had not been heard of since the year 1820. For Skegs Shore was not even a fishing village, or a boating station, although there was one big old boat lying keel uppermost amongst the coarse grass, five hundred yards from the water's edge, like a small misanthropic barge which had turned its back upon the sea, and was completely done with it. And lying high and dry also, and sacred to the memory of a great tide some thirty years ago, there stuck out from the sand the long gaunt ribs of a foreign schooner, looking terribly like the bones of some huge sea-monster which had died there, and been too big to bury; and here, in and out these oaken and weather-beaten timbers, played the happy children, dreaming not of past wreckage and disaster, and of the white upturned sailors' faces floating out to sea with never a soul to say godspeed.

Skegs Shore being in its season then had its small share of visitors five years after the events recorded in our last book. "There was a matter of fifty grown-up furriners in the place," one of the inhabitants had been heard to declare in the tap-room of the Swan, the foreigners being anything and anybody not patent to Skegs Shore. Where the "fifty grown-up furriners" got to—supposing the information not to be grossly exaggerated—it was difficult to discover, unless they had arrived as invalids by the last train, and immediately taken to their beds after finding shelter for the night. Nevertheless, there were strange faces to be seen in the village, and the basket-chaise had twice carried to the sandy shore, or as near to the shore as a pair of weak springs would allow, two ladies, who walked the rest of the distance to the sea, and were fetched in exactly two hours' time by the clock in the great stone turret of St. Mungo.

They were a strange contrast, these two, even for mistress and maid, or rather mistress and companion, as they might be more properly designated. The elder woman was the mistress, a small, spare being of some thirty-five years of age, with a sallow and lined face that would have been "oldish" for a woman twenty years her senior—the face of a woman of ill-health, and who had probably suffered all her life, to be worn down to a shade like this. At her side, supporting her with her right arm, and guiding her steps with the utmost care, was the maid, companion, nurse, for all these posts were Kate Vanch's at certain and uncertain intervals, and a tall, well-formed, dark-eyed young woman, the picture of health and strength, was she whom we have heard in old days called Kitty of Bolter's Rents, and a wild and unmanageable Kitty too, if Drucy Lane history could be relied upon. If John Woodhatch in his search for sinners, and in his years of effort to turn them into penitents—not saints—had only been rewarded by this one example of his perseverance, it was something to repay him for his studies, or to recompense him for his disappointments. Kitty, ostensibly at least, was a success; he had warned her, and counselled her, taken her away from bad hands and put her safely into good ones; he had told her a strange story of her future, as though he were a prophet and could regulate it by word and deed hereafter; he had won her confidence—of late years her reverence; he had turned her away from darkness unto light almost as by a miracle, and she had profited by the one fair chance which had been offered her. Almost by a miracle, we say, for so many things had happened to bring about this transformation—and happened strangely too—and which we will speak of in future pages of our story. And here was the result in this tall, good-looking, quiet girl in black—here up to the present time at least was a fair success for the philanthropist. John Woodhatch thought so—and it was the fixed conviction of Hester Brake, her mistress, a woman of some perspicacity, and who had had every opportunity of judging her companion. She had had six years in which to study Kate Vanch, and help to form her character aright, and she had faith in the result. This was the satisfactory end of it, she thought, as if the end of a girl's life were one-and-twenty years, and nothing after that could mar its sweet perfectibility. As if one woman ever understood another in this one-sided hemisphere, some sharp-tongued, skeptical old bachelor might say here with unwarrantable acerbity, and yet with a faint approximation to the truth, who knows?

Miss Brake was a fragile and somewhat nervous woman, and her appearance at Skegs Shore hardly appeared consistent at first sight. Needing change of air—even a keen sea air to bring some semblance of new strength to her—it was strange she should have selected Skegs Shore, quiet as the place was and free from the usual run of visitors. For here Morris Brake, her brother, had been murdered, and it was a grim association to connect with the summer's holiday. But then Miss Brake did not always act as other people would have done under similar circumstances, and there were a few folk in the world who had never been quite able to make Miss Brake out, or to measure her actions by the square and rule of every-day life. She had her "little ways," they said in Boston where she lived.

She had not been at Skegs Shore before; the news of her young brother's death five years ago had not brought her in hot, wild haste to this scene of tragedy—could not have brought her, we may add at once, as John Woodhatch's telegram had struck her down as with a broadsword, and she lay a helpless, sorrowing woman for many weeks which followed. When she was about again, she never spoke of visiting the place, of seeing Morris's grave in the church-yard, and so years had passed till on one eventful day a letter startled Lucy Brake and her father.

It was written by Kitty Vanch, to the dictation of Miss Brake, who had hardly the strength to hold a pen. Lucy had not heard from her sister-in-law before, had never received a letter of condolence with her grief, or faint acknowledgment even of the relationship between them, brought about by Morris's secret marriage.

"I am coming for my holidays to Skegs Shore," the letter ran, "and shall be glad to see you presently."

Where or when, or at what hour of the day or night was not specified in the letter, which Lucy marvelled at, and which Lucy's father put on a broad-rimmed pair of spectacles to study for himself.

"The last place for a weak woman to come," he said, "and I don't see the necessity of her troubling ye now, Lucy."

"I have often thought I should like to see her, father," answered Lucy.

"Why?"

"She is Morris's sister—she was very fond of him, I know, but then everybody was," she added; thoughtfully.

"She would have done better to keep away now," said Mr. Larcom, roughing his long gray hair the wrong way as he spoke. "It will upset ye, this visit; it will bring back the old meesery of it all."

"We shall talk of him a great deal," said Lucy, "and she will see her niece for the first time in her life."

"It's a bother. I wonder if John Woodhatch knows she is coming?"

"Does it matter?"

"Not at all to him. But for your sake, Lucy, I could have wished she had kept to Boston," was the answer.

But Miss Brake did not keep to Boston, and a few days later came a second message.

"*I shall be on the sands to-morrow morning at twelve*," was all the second letter said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TAKE HEED, YOUTHS AND MAIDENS!

Why, we may in our gardens find in autumn
Flowers still ling'ring that in summer grew,
And many more, as beautiful and fragrant,
That never sunny day of summer knew.
Some of them waiting with a cheery grace
Until they meet the winter face to face.

Pansies, the darlings of the elves, with petals
Like velvet wings of gayest butterflies,
And poppies, nodding softly, as though under
The spell that in their seed-cups hidden lies,
And fair day-lilies, opening one by one,
To yield the sweetest tribute to the sun.

And white anemones with clustered blossoms,
And portulaccas brave in dazzling gems,
And friendly zinnias that bring together
Youth and old age upon their branching stems,
And salvias wearing splendid scarlet gowns,
And daisy queens in lovely starry crowns.

But ah! to find these treasures in the autumn,
We must, long months before, with tender care,
Plant seeds and roots, and, as they grow, defend them
From flower foes that spring up everywhere.
For they bloom only, these dear autumn flowers,
For those who give them thought in early hours.

Margaret Ettinge.

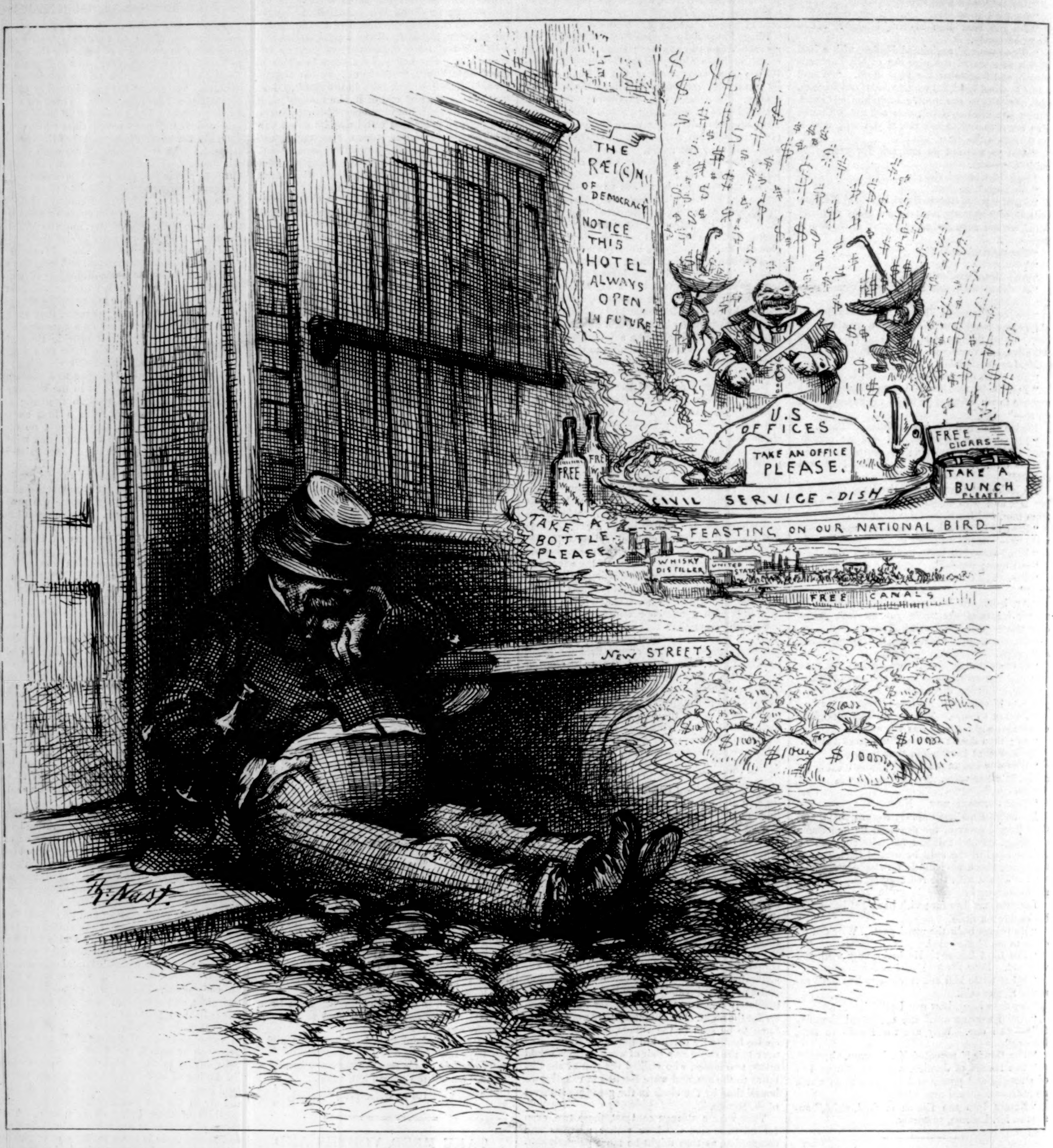
PROFESSIONAL GUNNERS.

There are a large number of people in this country, from Maine to California, who sustain themselves as providers of game for the market, or as guides to sportsmen. In the Eastern sections they combine with this employment the calling of farmer, or the proprietorship of summer hotels or boarding-houses. These are a class by themselves. The profession of hunter develops in them traits and peculiarities which are not found in the conventional native of the rural districts. In the strict sense of the word they are not workers. While hardship is not unknown to them, as a rule they take life in its easiest phases, dropping easily and naturally into ways of indolence and ease. Thrown frequently into the companionship of those who possess a knowledge superior to their own of men and the affairs of the world, they become more liberal and enlightened than their fellow-villagers. In some instances this breeds an arrogant self-assertion and conceit damaging to their professional emoluments. There are some who never overcome a natural reticence. These are as guides always to be preferred. As a rule, however, they are given to garrulity, which takes on a narrative form. Early in their career they provide themselves with a stock of yarns. On these they nourish their clients, who are constantly changing; for with us the man who is posing as a sportsman to-day may to-morrow be lost in the shadows of bankruptcy. Like the modern dramatic star, they content themselves with a first success. Their part well studied, they attempt no other. Some are comedians and accomplished mimics, talents which they put to use in successive imitations of the personal peculiarities of their employers. Little bits of floating village gossip of the most innocent character are embellished and decorated by them till they assume the proportions of scandalous crimes. With a scant knowledge of the technique of real wickedness, they magnify the little indiscretions of blundering deacons into misdemeanors of lurid proportions.

Not only are there comedians among these guides, but tragedians as well. That is, those who, for the sake of the natural advantages they derive from it, assume the rôle. In effective make up they even surpass their comic brethren. They are shrewder judges of character. On short acquaintance they learn the idiosyncrasies of their clients, and till the field for all it is worth. They are great sticklers for an early start. They rout out their employer long before the break of day, for in the stillness of the night, whether it be in the woods or on the water, the *mise en scène* is more appropriate and in harmony with their purpose. One's sympathies are aroused by a succession of deep sighs issuing from a solemn-visaged man, and the air of generally hopeless wretchedness which he presents. Naturally one seeks to learn the cause of all this woe. Then is poured out with artistic skill a tale which may relate to harrowing domestic infelicity; the sufferings of a kind father and Christian man driven to the edge of desperation by the eccentric morals of his female partner, or of a cherished wife gasping in the agony of an incurable disease, the complications attending which would drive every physician of the land wild with emulous envy. Then again it relates to pecuniary entanglements, wherein attorneys, sheriffs, and grasping shop-keepers revolve about and lie in wait to despoil him. The feelings of the novice are lacerated by the well-composed and ably told yarn. In most cases, at the close of the day's shooting, he gives a tangible and substantial expression of his commiseration. The above are types which are exceptional. The majority of guides are zealous, quiet, and competent men, who exert themselves in the interest of their clients.

Locality largely influences the characteristics of these professional gunners. Whether it be prejudice or a fact, the writer has found more individuality in those who devote themselves to the killing of aquatic fowl than among the upland hunters. There appears to be something in the air of the sea which brings out the bizarre qualities of those living on or near it. Their forms of expression are more quaint. In figure and accent there is more variety and originality. As an example, the writer once had occasion to ask an old duck gunner news of his wife, who had been suffering from a temporary attack of dropsy. In his vernacular he replied that she was no better, that she "had taken a notion o' bloatin'." One would never hear this expression, as applied to dropsy, away from the sea.

These quaint, odd types of the gunner are found more especially on the coasts of Long Island or New Jersey. The down-Easter is of a harder, dryer type. Then, again, the gunners of the Chesapeake bays and the sounds of the Carolinas are men of another race, with habits and peculiarities of speech which render them conspicuously different from those of the locality first mentioned. When we reach the coast of Alabama and Louisiana we encounter again another distinct type. There the gunner is a creole, descendant either of the early French population or of a later importation of Sicilians. They have but few interesting personal traits, although by no means inferior to their Northern prototypes in skill. The first decoys were used in the waters adjacent to the coasts of the States last mentioned by gunners from Long Island. In 1839 some of these went to Mobile Bay during the winter, and supplied the city of the same name. They carried with them their boats and outfits of decoys. They had great success, and returned with their pockets well lined. When they reached Mobile they found the market was supplied by the creoles, who shot with single guns at birds which fed on the edge of the bay. The Long-Islanders in the spring, on their departure for the North, sold to these creoles their boats, guns, and decoys. On their return South in the following winter, they found their occupation gone. They



A DEMOCRATIC THANKSGIVING DREAM.

"I'll take mine hot, please."

had placed in the hands of men as skillful as themselves appliances which these soon learned to turn to good account.

The younger generation of professional gunners will never equal those who are now old men or past middle life. The former, by reason of the growing scarcity of game, have not the same opportunity to study the habits of their victims. While as shots they may be equally good, as craftsmen they may never hope to equal their predecessors. A few years hence the imitation of the call of the snipe will be a lost art. The gifted professors who now excel in this accomplishment gained it when great annual flights of these birds swept down from the North along our shores. Some men, by the cultivation of a natural gift for whistling, have acquired a remarkable skill and accuracy in counterfeiting the exact note of every variety of snipe. As in all arts, they are disciples of the same who possess phenomenal powers. One of these lives at West Hampton, Long Island, in the person of **Edwin C. Halsey**. He is one of the few who can imitate the call of the grass plover so skillfully that these birds while sweeping before the wind will turn and fly within gunshot about him in answer to his whistle. He is equally accomplished in counterfeiting the note of the pewit, another variety of snipe even more fastidious and wary than the grass plover. The layman can not discover wherein Mr. **Halsey**'s call is different from that of any one experienced in the art. There is, however, a subtle difference, which on the one hand will turn the bird toward the gunner, while on the other it will continue steadily on its flight.

Even in the "tolling" of certain varieties of wild fowl, whose curiosity leads them to investigate the origin of any unfamiliar phenomenon, where one man by waving a bright piece of cloth on the end of a stick can at once absorb the attention of the birds and cause them to swim within gunshot, another, going through precisely similar movements, will entirely fail. **Gaston Fay.**

HUBERT HERKOMER ON ETCHING AND MEZZOTINT.

"I HAVE invariably found," says Mr. **Hubert Herkomer**, "that the art-loving public wants to know what a painter has to say about his own work." Accordingly he has prepared, in connection with the exhibition of his work in New York, a series of annotations on the portraits and the etching and mezzotint work, which open to the art lover a view of the artist's conception of his own work. By his permission we give from the proofs of his catalogue his fresh and vigorous general remarks upon etching and mezzotint:

"The general public," says Mr. **Herkomer**, "knows next to nothing of the true merits and demerits of etching, and more nonsense has been written and talked about etching than about any other form of art. When the desire to etch takes hold of the artistic temperament, nothing can equal it in intensity; and when a collector once gets imbued with a love for this art, he can look at no other form of the 'graphic arts' with pleasure. Thus both worker and lover of the work are apt to be narrowed by the peculiar charms of this bewitching form of artistic expression. Much stress is laid upon its being the best form for 'original expression' in art. That is a forced phrase, bordering on cant. You certainly have the artists' own lines, but never without the assistance of the printer, and the outside public would be amazed if it knew *how much* depended upon the printer. But the beauty of the line (when printed properly) carries us completely away with delight, and it is thus I gather that men waste their energies on trivial subjects, often unwittingly. Nothing is more deplorable than the tendency of the present day to *scribble* on copper, and people are asked to admire a mass of rambling, meaningless lines that really express nothing. The greatest art is the most reasonable, and this holds good with the art of etching, which belongs to the *lesser arts*, beautiful as it is. A kind of mystery has been thrown over this art, which will eventually destroy its life if not cleared away in time. People are not to be persuaded against their reasonable powers of observation beyond a certain limit of time.

"Another practice I also condemn strongly is that of issuing *stages* of the plate, called *states*. No plate should be issued to the public until it is completed and finished. Every artist has a right to leave a plate in any condition that appears to *him* finished; but that would be the literal state of completion, viz., when he feels he can do no more to it. The money made out of the publication of a plate should *never* be taken as a criterion of its artistic worth. Nothing is more destructive to the moral aspect of this art than to bring an antiquarian value to bear upon a few proofs taken whilst the plate is in progress. Rightly, every proof taken of the plate whilst it is in progress is of *less* value than the finished ones, because it is of necessity more imperfect, however interesting it may be to the student who is anxious to see how the plate was produced. In any case, the progressive stages of a plate should be kept under lock and key by the etcher to everybody but the student of etching. To him they ought to be visible.

"The value of working directly from nature on the copper is not only much overrated, but often misconstrued. In a landscape a few accidental lines do no harm, but when you have to group figures, and work out delicate faces expressive of something, such an inconvenient mode of procedure must be avoided.

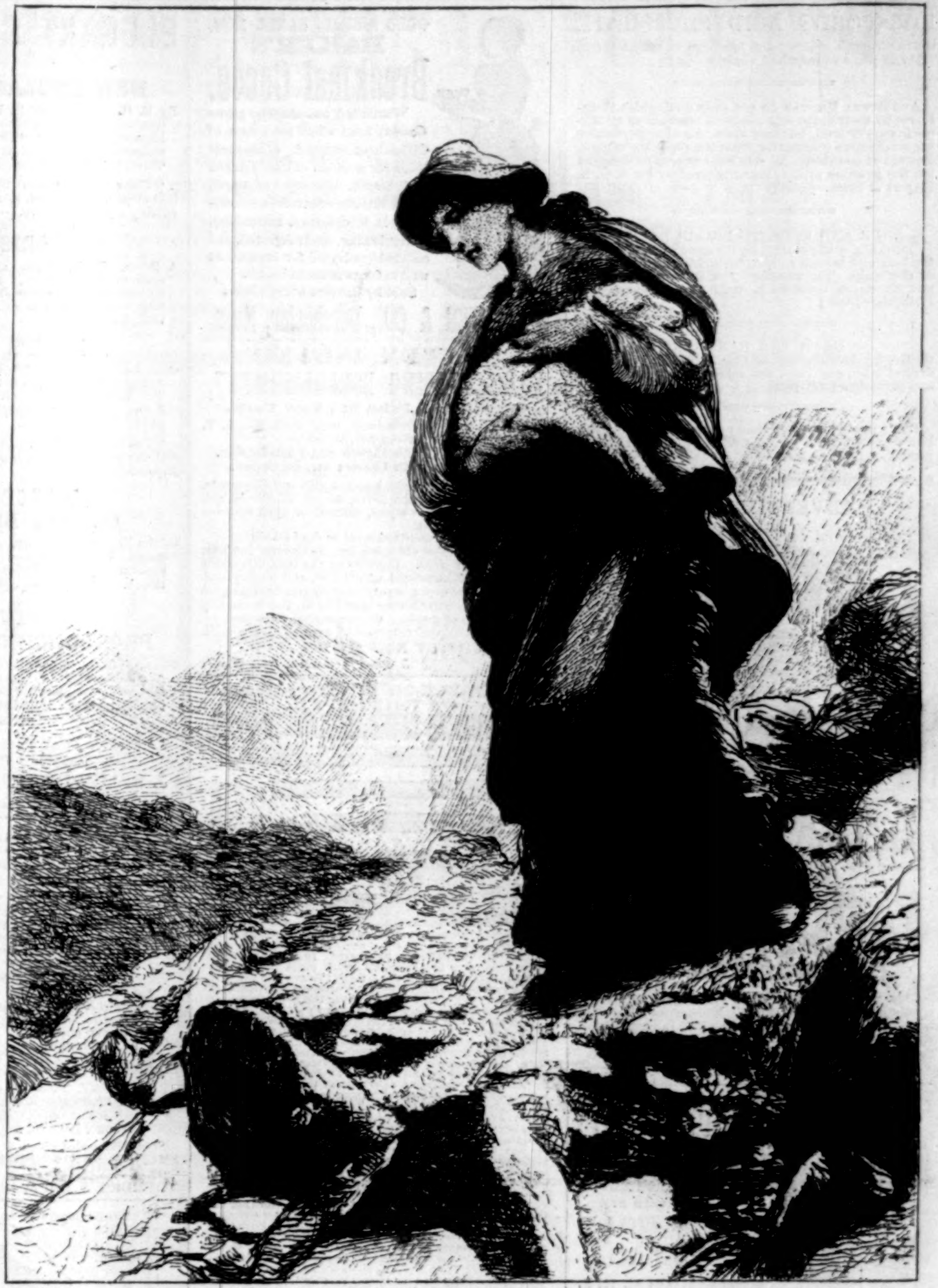
"In landscape some of the most beautiful qualities of the etched line are to be found in the works of **Haden**, **Whistler**, and **Meryon**. There are few men who attempt figures and compositions; still I hope to see the day when figure-painters will believe that the best tonic for their art lies in the practice between times of the loveliest and most sympathetic of all the lesser arts.

"My mezzotint work began in this way. While working at etching I was driven to some other method than the line in order to produce certain effects. So I obtained the materials from an engraver for the preliminary experiments in laying what is called the 'ground.' It was by no help, but by accident during the experiments, that I discovered the character I so longed to see in the work. But the means by which I obtained the effects were not quite right, and I then found a young intelligent engraver, who took up my thread of discovery, and helped me to perfect it. The object is to bring under control, with the best materials, the effects of workmanship we so admire in old mezzotints, but which were in those cases the results of bad tools. And this also is the cause why among so many of the old beautiful mezzotints we find so much that is bad. Then I am probably one of the first to revive the use of copper in the place of steel for mezzotints. The introduction of steel came through the larger demand of proofs from a plate. But now there is a chemical process which enables us to deposit a coating of steel over the finished copper plates—infinitesimally thin. The surface can be renewed, and the plate will yield a great number of excellent proofs. This is a great boon, as it enables us to adapt a good material to modern conditions. A copper mezzotint would only yield thirty good proofs, and as on steel the same depth can not be obtained (the hardness of the metal does not permit the work to enter deeply), we must hail an invention that enables the artistic qualities to be applied *practically*.

"Mezzotint engraving needs more patience in the worker than etching. It should not be compared to etching, as it produces effects and qualities altogether out of the reach of etching; at the same time it has none of that clearness so easily obtained by the needle. But it is the *best* means for reproducing the broad touches of the brush. It is very difficult to handle the scraper, and still more difficult to sharpen it. There are altogether far more technical difficulties connected with mezzotint engraving than with etching, but it is, nevertheless, equally exciting and enjoyable."

The representative etching which we reproduce, "The Shepherd's Daughter," has the further interest that it was one of the series made by the leading European etchers for an American enterprise—a portfolio of etchings published by James R. Osgood & Co. This figure was afterward introduced into a large painting.

Mr. Herkomer's exhibition at Goupil's gallery includes, besides an almost complete collection of the fifty etchings and mezzotints which show his remarkably progressive work since he took up etching in 1878, seven representative portraits in water-color and oil, several of which are among the thirteen begun and finished in two months previous to his departure from England. One comes into the company of these portraits almost as into a company of breathing people, such is the absolute individuality of types of character, as separate and distinctive as those of so many men alongside each other in a hap-hazard crowd. The portrait of Ruskin, the first of the painter's projected series of illustrious men of the time, is in water-color, painted before the artist had fully grasped the technique of oil, and, as he says himself, while he was "in the midst of forcing a material beyond its healthy limits." There are few men whose faces are so much "out of drawing" as that of this apostle of the ideal, whose disappointments are marked in the seams of his strange face. In striking contrast is the portrait of Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent—"the manliest portrait," said an observer, "I ever saw." The portrait which, as one enters the room, strikes one as that of Mr. Bryant, is a remarkably bold and realistic portrait of the painter's father, in his workman's dress as a wood-carver. This was one of the paintings which most attracted attention in the last exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery, London. The two portraits of musicians are again curiously in contrast—Joachim, the violinist, with the dreamy look of the virtuoso in his unspectacled eyes, and Richter, the conductor, the executive, and commander, who does for music in England what Theodore Thomas does here. Between them is perhaps the best portrait of James Russell Lowell that has been painted. "There are at least three men," says the artist, "in Mr. Lowell, and it was hard to choose which man to paint"—which varying expression to catch. Emerson spoke of "the steel of his eye," and here the painter had to overcome his greatest difficulty. A rapidly painted portrait of the painter's young cousin Herman Herkomer, himself an art student, concludes the series. All of them show fresh and entirely unconventional treatment—painting that is solid, strong, and individual, a masterly technique that has nothing of weakness. We could wish that Mr. Herkomer had brought to us one of his portraits of women, to show what he can do also in greater subtlety and elaboration than these manly people require; but, as it is, the collection comes to us as a wholesome and effective protest against the vague and indefinite portraiture of which we have seen so much, and should have to our art the inspiration of a clear, bright day after a week of poetic but nebulous haze.



"THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER."—From an Etching by Hubert Herkomer.

A POT-HUNTER TOLLING IN BROAD-BILLS.—Drawn by Gaston Fay.—[See Page 763.]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
Gives strength where there has been exhaustion and vigor in place of impaired vitality.—[*Adv.*]

ANGOSTURA BITTERS do not only distinguish themselves by their flavor and aromatic odor above all others generally used, but they are also a sure preventive for all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

A PURE AND EFFECTIVE HAIR DRESSING.
COCOAINE, a compound of Cocoanut Oil, beautifies the hair and is sure to allay all itching and irritation of the scalp. The superiority of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS consists in their perfect purity and strength.—[*Adv.*]

READ THE PAMPHLET
Of the Anglo-Swiss Co. on their Milk-Food and Condensed Milk, and learn the value of both for infants and invalids.—[*Adv.*]

DON'T waste money on trashy extracts when you can buy so delightful a perfume as Floreston Cologne.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL

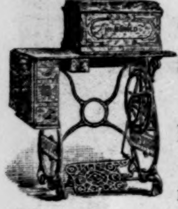
FULL WEIGHT
ROYAL POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.



THE
"HOUSEHOLD"
Sewing Machine
Comes to the front!
MANUFACTURED BY
HOUSEHOLD
Sewing-Machine Co.,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

With its perfect construction and marvellous ease and simplicity.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTION.

GENERAL OFFICES:
105 Chambers Street, New York.
Retail Department, 3 East 14th Street.
163 and 165 Lake Street, Chicago.
149 Tremont Street, Boston.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c. Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists. TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation.

THE MODEL PRESS

Prints Cards, Circulars, Labels, Tracts, every thing needed by business men, churches, schools, &c. Strong, rapid, and a boy can manage it and earn hundreds of dollars a year. 10,000 sold. Outfits, including Press, Type, &c., from $5. to $10. and up. Send 3 cent stamp for 40 page Illustrated Price-List and two gorgeous floral book markers printed on Model Press. J. W. Daughaday & Co. Mfrs. | 721 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

PERFECTED.

HARPER'S BAZAR CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

We have transferred our **WHOLESALE PATTERN DEPARTMENT** to MR. J. G. CROTTY, Nos. 180 to 186 Cherry Street, New York, who will conduct it upon his own account and responsibility.

SPECIAL CAUTION.

We are not interested in nor responsible for any contracts made by J. G. CROTTY & CO., whether for HARPER'S BAZAR Patterns or for any other business.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SEINES
NETS, &c.

Write for Large Illustrated Catalogue.
Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, sent c. o. d. for examinatoon.

STEPHENS' INKS Manufactured by H. C. STEPHENS, London, England.
SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS IN AMERICA.

50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name, **10c.** SNOW & CO., Meriden, Ct.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

STATEN ISLAND FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT,

Office, 5 & 7 John St., New York.

BRANCH OFFICES
1199 Broadway, near 29th St., N. Y.
279 Fulton St., Brooklyn.
47 North Eighth St., Philadelphia.
43 North Charles St., Baltimore.

Dye, Clean, and *Refinish* Dress Goods and Garments. *Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, Robes, &c.,* of *all fabrics,* and of the most elaborate styles, cleaned or dyed successfully *without ripping.*

Gentlemen's Garments *cleaned or dyed whole.*

Curtains, Window-Shades, Table-Covers, Carpets, &c., cleaned or dyed. Employing the best attainable skill and most improved appliances, and having systematized anew every department of our business, we can confidently promise the best results, and unusually prompt return of goods. Correspondence invited.

Goods received and returned by express and by mail.

BARRETT NEPHEWS & CO.,
5 and 7 John St., N. Y.

A VALUABLE GIFT to Every Reader OF THIS PAPER.
10,000 WRITING DESKS ABSOLUTELY FREE.

READ EVERY WORD
and see how it is done
PERRY
a gift for You

We want 50,000 new customers for an article needed by every person over ten years of age. Something that will delight the heart of every purchaser. In order to secure these customers at once, we shall make **10,000 VALUABLE GIFTS** as follows: To any one who will send us the names and address of 5 permanent residents of their town or city, and 75 cents to pay the cost of packing and transportation, we will send to any part of the United States, all charges prepaid, the **ELEGANT WRITING DESK** as shown in the cut, **ABSOLUTELY FREE.** This is the GREATEST OFFER ever made BY A RESPONSIBLE FIRM. Over $3 worth of useful articles for **75c.** Each Desk contains 18 sheets of tinted note paper, and 18 envelopes to match—just the thing for personal or private correspondence; one sheet of perfumed blotting paper, one elegant Silver Combination Pen and Pencil Holder, as shown in cut, one Elegant Japanese Autograph Album with Silk Cord and Tassel, containing forty pages, one Quadilibitical Album, containing 100 beautiful transfer pictures and forty fac-simile Foreign Postage Stamps for transfer into scrap books. Four beautiful picture cards, imitation water colors, with appropriate inscriptions for birthday, Christmas and New Year's Gifts. Size, 2½x4 inches. Two handsome Chromo Cards, 5x3 inches. Two Oiegraph Pictures of Birds in bright colors, 5x7 in. One pair of Blue Eye-Glasses, in case, for shading the Eyes. One bottle of the famous LUSTRO for cleaning Silver Ware, etc. One package of celebrated English Gold Eyed Needles very best quality. One Ivory handle boot and glove buttoner and one Frances and Loutrel's World Renound Combination Calendar Almanac and Declination Table. Every Desk contains the articles above mentioned, just as represented or money refunded. The writing Desk alone is worth $1. and will please every one who possesses it. We shall only send from 3 to 15 to a town or city, according to its size. "First come First served." Money will be returned to those who neglect to send the names and addresses as required. Be sure and Write the names and addresses plainly. Postage Stamps taken..

E. C. RIDEOUT & CO. 10 Barclay St. N. Y.

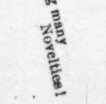
FREE! FREE!! FREE!!!

New Descriptive Catalogue and Price-list of
Plays,
Dramas,
Farces,
Guide Books,
Scenery (Paper),
Speakers,
Ethiopian Dramas,
Tableaux Lights,
Colored Fire,
Pantomimes,
Burnt Cork,
Wigs,
Beards, &c., &c.

Including many Novelties!

Largest Assortment in the World!

In fact, everything for Amateur Theatricals.
SAMUEL FRENCH & SON, 38 East 14th St., New York.



First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.
C. WEIS { Manufacturer of Meerschaum Goods.
Wholesale and Retail. Send for Circular to 399 Broadway. Factories, Vienna and 69 Walker Street, N. Y.

MINTON'S ART AND ENAMELED TILES.

China Works, Stoke-upon-Trent.
Also, THE CAMPBELL BRICK & TILE CO.'S
Encaustic and Geometrical Floor Tiles, Mosaics, &c.
THOS. ASPINWALL & SON,
75 & 77 West 23d St., New York,
Sole Agents in the United States.

"**BOKER'S BITTERS,**" THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

AGENTS WANTED! TO SELL THE RICH NEW BOOK
TREASURY OF SONG

For the **HOME CIRCLE.** A **rich** volume of **300 best loved Gems of Song.** *No competition!* Sale is **immense!** Eminent critics say: "*Replete with choice gems.*"—W. H. Doane. "*The book is superb.*"—J. H. Vincent, D.D. "*Deserving of great praise.*"—M. W. Whitney, the great Basso. "*Full of genuine gems.*"—F. L. Robbins, D.D. "*Worth five times its price.*"—G. A. Peltz, D.D. It is a **grand chance** to **coin money.** For *Particulars and Terms,* address **HUBBARD BROS., Philadelphia, Pa.**

AGENTS WANTED to sell our Subscription Books. None but experienced persons need apply. HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

ELEGANT GIFT-BOOKS.

NEW ENGLAND BYGONES.

By E. H. ARR (ELLEN H. ROLLINS.) With an Introduction by Gail Hamilton. Illustrated in the very highest style of art, with 80 handsome engravings, executed by the best artists and engravers. 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Extra, $5.00; Tree Calf, $9.00.

"There is about what this woman writes an absolute charm. In a word, E. H. Arr is a genius, and her writing a poem in prose."—*Philadelphia Times.*

CHRISTINE.

A Poem. By T. BUCHANAN READ. Companion Volume to "Brushwood," and "Drifting." With 17 handsome illustrations from designs by Fred. Dielman. Small 4to, Cloth, Gilt Extra, $1.50; Tree Calf, $4.00.

READ'S POEMS.

Complete Poetical Works of T. Buchanan Read. *Illustrated Library Edition.* With a Prefatory Memoir. The illustrations are from drawings by Dielman, Fenn, Humphrey, Murphy, &c. 8vo, Cloth, Gilt, $4.00; Tree Calf, $9.00.

"The book is a beauty in mechanical workmanship, and the poems richly deserve the setting."—*St. Louis Republican.*

WORCESTER'S QUARTO DICTIONARY

Of the English Language. *New Edition.* Wth Supplement. Unabridged and profusely Illustrated. The standard, and in all respects best, Dictionary published. Library Sheep, Marbled Edges, $10.00.

LIPPINCOTT'S PRONOUNCING GAZETTEER

Of the World. A complete Geographical Dictionary. *New Edition of* 1880, *containing Supplementary Tables,* with the most recent Census Returns. Thoroughly revised. Royal 8vo, Sheep, $10.00.

⁂ For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of the price by

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Publishers,
715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia.

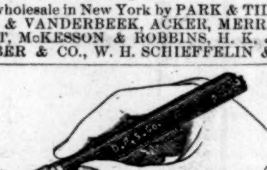
LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
OF MEAT. An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.

CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. This caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the market.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.



Downs Pencil Sharpener and Point Protector.

This sharpener remains on and forms part of pencil. It is always ready for use and keeps the pencil always sharpened. It is made from the best imported steel *cut from solid bar.* It has a spring at its base which holds it securely on the pencil. It is the only sharpener ever made with *spiral knife,* which greatly facilitates the cutting and avoids *all breaking of the lead.* It has a diamond knurl around the body to prevent slipping in the hands when in use, is tempered to a blue black color, and forms a handsome finish to the pencil. It is the only perfect Pencil Sharpener ever made, and a valuable article. Will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 25c. Address DOWNS PENCIL SHARPENER CO., Hartford, Conn.

GUNS Lowest prices ever known on **Breech Loaders, Rifles, & Revolvers. OUR $15 SHOT-GUN** at greatly reduced price. Send stamp for our New Illus. Catalogue, 1882-83.
P. POWELL & SON, **238** Main Street, CINCINNATI, O.

FREE An Illustrated Book and 12 elegant Chromo Advertising Cards. Send your address and a three cent stamp to the AETNA CARD Co., 104 Fulton St., New York. P. O. Box 2724.

PLAYS FOR AMATEUR THEATRICALS AND DRAMATIC CLUBS. Parlor Plays, Fairy Plays, Juvenile Plays, Temperance Plays, Ethiopian Plays, Tableaux, Pantomimes, Charades, Dialogues, Reciters, Speakers, Wax Works, Guide-books, Scenery, Magnesium Lights, Tableau Lights, Colored Fire, Lightning, Burnt Cork, Theatrical Face Preparations, Wigs, Beards, Mustaches, Music, &c. Catalogues, containing full descriptions and prices, sent free. Send your address to Post-office Box 3410, New York.

$1.65 BUYS an Imported Key Wind Watch.—**$3.15 BUYS** an American Stem Wind Watch, Solid Coin Nickel Cases, Warranted. Send for Catalogue. A. COULTER, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED AGENTS at once for our elegant new book, "DAUGHTERS OF AMERICA." It takes wonderfully. B. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, Boston, Mass.

DEAF PEOPLE HEAR by the use of **Garmore's Artificial Ear Drums.** Circulars and testimonials sent *free.* **John Garmore, Glenn B'ld'g, Cincinnati, O.**

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE.
Ask Druggists for "ROUGH ON RATS." It clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bed-bugs, 15c.

BEST $5 SELF-INKER Printing Press, with **Script Type Outfit,** $1.50 extra. Sample Cards and Catalogue, 3c. **W. C. EVANS,** 50 N. Ninth St., Phila., Pa.

CARDS Send two 3c. stamps to **C. TOLLNER, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.,** for a new set elegant Chromo Cards and Catalogue of Latest Designs for fall and winter.

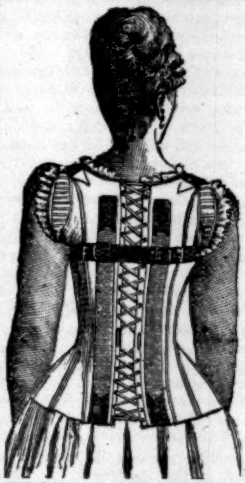
ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.

INDIA CAMELS'-HAIR SHAWLS AT RETAIL.

By extensive purchases made at the late London auction sales of the above goods we are enabled to offer to the public the finest assortment of rare and unique designs in Valley Cashmeres, &c., to be found in this market, and at Lower Prices than before offered.

BROADWAY & 19th ST.

J. C. SCHNOTER'S
Patent Corset Shoulder Brace



For Round Shoulders, Narrow Chests, and Curvature of the Spine. Makes the form graceful, expands the chest, strengthens the lungs, and relieves pain and weakness in the back. Also all other kinds of Shoulder Braces. A full assortment of **TRUSSES** (Hard Rubber,

Silk and Cotton Elastic, French, and German Trusses. Elastic Stockings and Rubber **BANDAGES** for Swollen Veins, and Crutches. Also the celebrated "Schnoter's Knitted (Suspensory Bandages,)" which are sold by all Druggists in the United States.

ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS.

"43 W. 32d St., Dec. 21st, 1872.

For some years Mr. Schnoter has made Abdominal Supporters for my female patients, and there has always been shown much able skill and judgment in their construction and adjustment. Indeed, no one else has given satisfaction so universally.

FRANK HAMILTON, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Surgery in Bellevue Hospital Medical College; Surgeon to Bellevue Hospital and to St. Francis Hosp'l, N.Y. City."

"42 W. 25th Street.

I fully endorse Prof. Hamilton's recommendation of Mr. Schnoter's Abdominal Supporters.

ALFRED L. LOOMIS, M.D., Professor of Institutes and Practice of Medicine, New York University, Physician to Bellevue and Charity Hospitals, etc."

Competent ladies in attendance for ladies. Customers attended at their residences if preferred. Goods sent out of the city by mail or express. J. C. SCHNOTER, **523 and 525 Sixth Avenue,** between 31st and 32d Streets, New York.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
The THREE above publications	10 00
Any TWO above named	7 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	1 50
HARPER'S MAGAZINE HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE }	5 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)	10 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR begin with the first numbers for January, the Volumes of the YOUNG PEOPLE with the first Number for November, and the Volumes of the MAGAZINE with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be commenced with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY: a weekly publication, containing works of Travel, Biography, History, Fiction, and Poetry, at prices ranging from 10 to 25 cents per number. Full list of *Harper's Franklin Square Library* will be furnished gratuitously on application to HARPER & BROTHERS.

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, comprising the titles of between three and four thousand volumes, will be sent by mail on receipt of Nine Cents.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid risk of loss. Address

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

BARLOW'S INDIGO BLUE. | THE FAMILY WASH BLUE. For Sale by Grocers. D. S. WILTBERGER, Prop., 233 N. Second St., Phila., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED to sell Dr. CHASE'S 2000 RECIPE BOOK. *Sells at sight.* You double your money. Address **Dr. CHASE'S** Printing House, Ann Arbor, Mich.

40 NEW, no 2 alike, Chromo Visiting Cards, name on, 10c. Warranted best pack sold. Agents Wanted. **L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.**

CARDS Send two 3c. stamps for FINE NEW SET. **WHITING,** 50 Nassau St., N. Y.

10cts. PAYS for the famous STAR SPANGLED BANNER 3 mos. Nothing like it. Large 8 Page, 40 Column, Illus. Paper. 21st yr. Splendid Stories, Sketches, Poems, Wit, Humor, and Fun. Specimens FREE. SEND NOW. Address, BANNER, Hinsdale, N. H.

IT PAYS to sell our Hand Rubber Stamps. Samples free. C. Foljambe & Co., Cleveland, O.

A STARTLING DOMESTIC REVOLUTION

HAVE YOU HEARD OF

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

Which is declared by Editors, Housekeepers, Scientific Men, Physicians, and by Army and Navy Officers to be one of the

MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES OF MODERN TIMES

Have you heard how representatives of the best class of newspapers, having visited the Factory, were amazed at the enormous amount of Soap manufactured, the entire absence of any unpleasant odor, and the absolute cleanliness and purity of the ingredients? **Have you heard how it excels FOR ALL USES the Celebrated Soaps of Europe and America?** Started in a small way and backed only by its remarkable and amazing qualities, it has achieved marvellous success, and now boasts a Factory fitted up with the most approved machinery, and an office on the most prominent street of the city of its nativity, while an extensive demand from all parts of the United States and Canada, and letters continually being received from Europe, Africa, China, Japan, Sandwich Islands, West Indies, and South America, show that its fame is spreading to every portion of the Civilized World—a phenomenal success only possible to an article worthy to rank with the inventions of Morse, of Howe, and of Edison.

A Fair, Honest Trial makes it indispensable to every Man, Woman, and Child who uses Soap.

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the HOUSEKEEPER and her HELP, to the BOARDING-HOUSE MISTRESS and her LADY BOARDERS, to the FARMER'S WIFE and her DAUGHTERS, for the TOILET and BATH of EVERY LADY of REFINEMENT, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the Skin, and freedom from injury to the fabric, which make it truly The Woman's Friend.

AMONG THE HOUSEKEEPERS OF NEW ENGLAND (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and no better evidence can be presented of the merits of an article than to be able to say that it meets entire approval in the Homes of New England.

—FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE.—

JUST THINK! Clothes Clean, Sweet and Beautifully White without scalding or boiling!

The Soap positively guaranteed not to injure even the finest laces. No Yellow Clothes!

No Steam to Spoil Wall Paper and Furniture! No smell on wash-day! No Rough, Red Hands!

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when new. The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually brightened! and best of all the wash done in less than half the usual time, and the labor so light that a girl 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired.

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for washing dishes;—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the smell of Fish, Onions, etc. When you have a dirty dish-rag or dish-pan dont blame your servants; *it is not their fault;* you have given them a soap made of Rancid Grease and the result is a foul dish-rag; give them the Frank Siddalls Soap; it is made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will always have a clean, sweet smelling cloth:

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice,
Common Soap and a foul dish-rag—or—Frank Siddall's Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of.

—FOR HOUSE-CLEANING—

This is where the Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real lady-like housekeeper: When used for Scrubbing and Cleaning there will be no Croton Bugs, no Red Ants, no Roaches—all such pests come from using Common Soaps. Use it for Washing Windows and Mirrors, Goblets, Wineglasses, Fruit Jars and all Glass Vessels; ordinary Soap is not fit for washing glass, while The Frank Siddalls Soap is the most elegant article for this purpose that can be imagined.

—FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES—

No baby will ever have its body covered with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild.

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

—FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL—

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a Scratch; the Soap does not have to be rinsed off.

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The MERCHANT and his CLERK, the MILLIONAIRE, the PHOTOGRAPHER, the OPTICIAN, the ARTIST, the ACTOR, the BATHER at the TURKISH BATH, the BARBER, the RAILROAD SUPERINTENDENT, the HOTEL, the STABLE, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

—FOR SHAVING—

Its soft, heavy, lasting lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible; the face never burns or smarts no matter how dull the razor, how closely shaved, or how tender the skin, and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be Sweet Smelling.

—FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.—

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., it is indispensable. For harness it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather, and rendering it soft; for washing cars and car windows, cleaning the running gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, and the windows and lamps will be as clear as crystal.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

TO THE PHYSICIAN, THE DRUGGIST, AND THE NURSE its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar soaps for use in the Sick Room, the Nursery, and the Hospital.

IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS, in place of cotton-wool a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be constantly kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh;—a single trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

—AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT—

For Washing old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects so often experienced when any other Soap is used, while for washing the invalid it only requires once using to convince the Physician that it is a most valuable aid to his treatment, by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise tend to counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, *and which cannot be accomplished by any other Soap.*

Use it for washing sores on the feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes.

For Washing Bed Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with contagious and infectious diseases, and for washing Utensils used in the Sick Room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify *without the least necessity of scalding or boiling a single article.*

For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

Letters are on file at our office, from well-known Physicians describing their experience with The Frank Siddalls Soap in their practice, which leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Remember, The Frank Siddalls Soap is here publicly guaranteed to do everything claimed in this Advertisement, and to contain nothing to injure the most tender skin, the most delicate colors, or the finest fabrics.

—FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION—

All perfumes are injurious to the skin; *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed*, but has an agreeable fragrant odor from its ingredients, *that is always pleasant, even to an invalid*—it never leaves any odor on the Skin, the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—*a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used*, as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even the Imported Castile Soap causes; it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean; it leaves a pleasant aromatic taste and sweet breath. No tooth powder or wash will compare with it.

Any person who despises a musty sponge or wash-rag will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever a sponge has a disagreeable smell it is due *entirely* to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you;—it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the sun or the air.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, foamy, white lather should be left in the hair (*not washed out*); it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any Itching of the Scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

—ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES—

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made of rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid such troubles.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH and ARTIFICIAL EYES will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It washes telescope lenses and Photographer's plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design for washing the expensive brushes used by the students; *try it for washing your Eye-glasses and Spectacles.*

When The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, the hands of those at farm work will not chap from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employments, but of course no home-made or other Soap (not even Castile) must be used.

This Soap is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West, and in Lake water.

If you have a Pet Dog wash it with The Frank Siddalls Soap; be sure to leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed occasionally with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas.

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets. Use it for wiping off oil-cloths, linoleum, &c.—it does away with scrubbing them and keeps the colors bright.

Milk Pans, Churns, and all Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap
do not require scalding or putting out in the sun; they will be clean and as sweet as new.
It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET SOAP TO TRY

At Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

Send the retail price (10 cents) in money or Postage Stamps.
Say she saw the advertisement in HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Only send for One Cake, and make the following two promises.

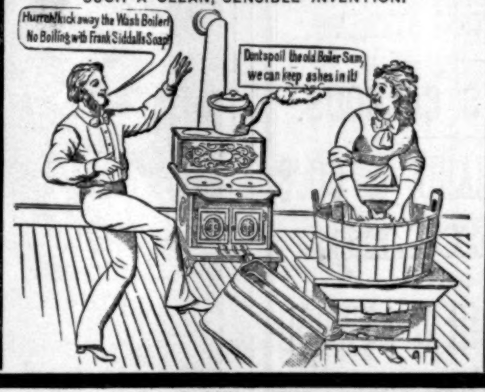
Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used *the first wash-day* after receiving it, *and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.*

Promise No. 2—That *the person sending will personally see* that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be *exactly* followed.

Now, by return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap
will be sent, *postage prepaid;*
it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely,
and 15 cents in POSTAGE STAMPS will be put on.

All this is done for 10 *cents, because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.*

NO INTELLIGENT WOMAN WILL REFUSE TO TRY SUCH A CLEAN, SENSIBLE INVENTION.


Hurrah! kick away the Wash Boiler!
No Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap!
Dont spoil the old Boiler Sam,
we can keep ashes in it!

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A PERSON OF REFINEMENT will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way.

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A PERSON OF INTELLIGENCE will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible Directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A PERSON OF HONOR will scorn to do so mean a thing as to send for the soap and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will feel thankful and will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice.

If your letter gets no attention,
it will be *because you have not made the promises,*
or because *you have sent for more than one cake.*

You must NOT send for more than one cake:
if a friend wants to try it,
she MUST send in a separate letter.

☞ And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel, Ladylike, FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them.

A Washboiler MUST NOT be used, *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER*, and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

☞ Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it seems.

A Washboiler will always have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful Housekeeper*, and this injures some of the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap.

☞ Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn; stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron very much easier.

ALWAYS dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch: the ironing will be easier, and the pieces look much handsomer. It washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, Borax, Ammonia, or any washing compound, and never use any other soap with it.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in the tub of water; draw it out on the wash-board, and rub the Soap over it VERY LIGHTLY, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled pieces. Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on the wash-board, ***and the dirt will drop out;*** turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water.

If a streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back in the suds for a few minutes.

Next comes the Rinsing—which is to be done in lukewarm water, *and is for the purpose of getting all the suds out*, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on the wash-board through the rinse-water (without using any more soap) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. *Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.*

Next, the Blue-water—which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Bluing, for this Soap takes the place of Bluing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let stand 20 minutes, and wash the same way, making the last rinse-water soapy. The most delicate colors will not fade when washed this way, but will be the brighter.

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 1019 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.